# **Eund**

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For :

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#### A COMPANION

TO THE

#### CANADIAN

## Lunday School Marp,

BEING A SELECTION OF

HYMNS SET TO MUSIC,

For Sunday Schools and the Social Circle.

•••O praise the Lord, praise Him all ye people."—Psalm czvii.

TORONTO:
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In W

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### HYMNS.

#### INVOCATION.

In thine own house, on thine own day,
We meet once more to praise and pray:
Father in heaven, accept our praise,
And hear the prayer we humbly raise;
And when our work on earth is done,
Oh save us all, thro' Christ thy Son!
Amen, Amen, Thro' Christ thy Son,
Amen, Amen.

#### SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. [4]

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer:
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's suare.
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare.
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seeks his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share:
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

#### PERFECT LOVE.

[5]

Ye who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord;
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left you in his Word?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy;
I will dwell and reign within.

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ise,

Tho' you have great peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet shall find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind;
To procure your full salvation,
Jesus suffered, groaned and died.

O, behold the healing fountain, Gushing from his wounded side.

O, ye tender lambs of Jesus,

Hear your heavenly Father's will;

Claim your portion, plead his promise

And he surely will fulfill;

Pray, and the refining fire,
Will come streaming from above,
Now believe, and gain the blessing,
Full salvation, perfect love.

Come, my brethern, come, my sisters, Seek, O, seek this holy state; None but holy ones can enter, Thro' the pure celestial gate:

Can you bear the thought of losing All the joys that are above? No, my brother, no, my sister,

God will perfect you in love.

May a mighty sound from heaven, Suddenly come rushing down! Cloven tongues, like as of fire, May they sit on all around. On the soul of each believer,
May the Holy Ghost come down;
It is coming! it is coming!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

#### THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

[6]

The valleys and the mountains,
The woodland and the plain,
The rivers and the fountains,
The sunshine and the rain,
The stars that shine above me,
The flowers that deck the sod,
Proclaim aloud the glory of my God.

Praises, holy adoration, Praises to the God above;

Praises through the wide creation, Sound aloud his greatness and his love.

And shall the voice of nature, Thus glorify its King; And man, the noble creature, No grateful tribute bring?

Shall mercy strew his pathway, And all the senses please,

And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?

Praise him, ye that live for ever;

Praise him ev'ry heart and voice;

Praise him, he's the glorious Giver;

Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.

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er; joys. The word of life he gave us
To guide us to the sky;
That He might justly save us,
He sent his Son to die—
To die in shame and anguish.
To die a sacrifice;

To save us from the death that never dies. Praise him, praise him for salvation;

Praise him, praise him for his Son; Praise him, every tribe and nation; Praise him for the battle he has won.

Then train your youthful voices
To hymn his praise above;
For he who here rejoices
In Jesus' dying love,

Around his throne in glory
Shall all his love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb

Praise him, praise th' eternal Father; Praise him, praise th' eternal Son; Praise him, praise the Three together.

Father, Son, and Spirit,—three in One.

[7]

#### ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year
Has told its four fold tale,
And still I'm here,
A traveler in the vale.

CHORUS—Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Let all our voices reise,

Hallelujah, hallelujae

To God be all the paise.

Why am I spared
To see another year?
Why have I shared
So many mercies here?

CHORUS—Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

From God alone
My mercies I receive;
To Him alone
I would forever live.
CHORUS—Hallelulah, hallelujah, &c.

F

Then aid my tongue,
Companions on the road,
To raise a song
Of gratitude to God.
CHORUS—Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

THERE'S A HOME FOR ALL. [8]
There's a home for the poor on that be autiful shore,
When life and its sorrows are ended,
And sweetly they'll rest in that home of

the blest, By the presence of angels attended. There's a home for the sad, and their hearts will be glad,

When they've cross'd over Jordan so dreary;

For bright is the dome of that radiant home,

Where so softly repose all the weary.

There's a home for the ill, and their bosoms shall thrill

With the rapture of healthful emotion; For the sad, plaintive moan never more will be known

In that world full of peaceful devotion. There's a home for the old, when time and its mould

The fair form of their beauty has faded; And brightly they'll bloom far beyond the dark tomb,

Where the splendor of youth ne'er is shaded.

There's a home for the young, and a seraph's pure song

Will the heavenly chorus be singing, While the bright harps of gold, which will never grow old,

Thro' the glittering arches are ringing. There's a home for the good, where none may intrude.

[8]

ed,

Never tempted with evil nor folly,

They will calmly repose, freed from trials
and woes,

In that place long prepared for the holy.

There's a home for the vile, all polluted with guile,

When they're cleansed by the quick'ning

spirit;

For each shall be heir to that Kingdom so fair,

And all its full glory inherit.

There's a home for us all when the summons shall call,

We will fly to the arms of our Saviour, And join in the song of that beautiful throng,

And sing of redemption forever.

## RING OUT, SWEET SILVER BELLS.

Ring out, ring out, sweet silver bells, A joyous, joyous chime;

Your welcome music ever tells
A Saviour's love divine.

Thrice blessed is the gladsome sound Now pealing on the air,

With willing hearts and feet we bound To God's own house of prayer. trials

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Ring out, sweet bells, a happy strain,
Awake each tuneful voice
To praise His dear and holy name;
In him let all rejoice.
We are the children of his love;
United may we live;
He stoops from his bright throne above,
To pity and forgive.
Ring out your free, inspiring call,
Sweet bells of siver tongue;
Before his footstool here we fall,
And breathe our grateful song;
To us ye speak of joys unseen,
Immortal life and light.

DARE TO BE RIGHT. [10

Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do; Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Where faith is changed to sight

A world of purity serene,

Then, dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do.

Dare to be right! dare to be true! Other men's failures can never save you: Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;

Stand like a hero and battle till death.
Then dare to be right! &c.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!

Love may deny you its sunshine and dew;

Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;

Dew is from earth, but the show'rs are from heav'n.

Then dare to be right! &c.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones
shed,

Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Then dare to be right! &c.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through!
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right!
Then, dare to be right! &c.

Dare to be right! dare to be true! Keep the great judgment-seat always in view; r, your

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Look at your work as you'll look at it then, Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men. Then, dare to be right! &c.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The pathway by saints and seraphim trod,
The pathway that climbs to the City of
God.

Then, dare to be right! &c.

#### EATON. L. M.

[11]

This is a precious book indeed!
Happy the child who loves to read!
'Tis God's own word, which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven!
It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obey'd.

#### OUR HAPPY HOME.

[12]

In that world of glory bright, Where the Saviour is the light, All is joy, and there's no night, Nor sin nor sorrow there.

CHORUS—In our happy home in heaven,
Where the golden harps are ringing
Angels beautiful are singing,
And all is love and praise.

There the Saviour we shall see,
And our voices then will be
Tun'd to heaven's minstrelsy,
And sing redeeming love.
CHORUS—In our happy home, &c.

O, how sweet to think of heav'n; Happy home to children giv'n; Here, "by sin and sorrow driv'n, There, all is perfect rest.

CHORUS—In our happy home. &c.

Father, guide our steps aright;

May it be our great delight

To live holy in thy sight,

That we may dwell with thee.

CHORUS—In our happy home, &c.

OUR OWN DEAR HOME. . [13]

Home, dear home, we never can forget;
Friends, dear friends, we often there have
met;
Press'd by care or pierced by grief

Press'd by care, or pierced by grief, Home has afforded us a sweet relief.

CHO.—Tender memories round thee twine, Like the ivy green round the pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home. y, c. eav'n; v'n; driv'n,

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Lured by gain we seek a foreign shore, Worn and weary heap the golden ore; Still our yearning hearts demand Rest in the homestead in our native land. Tender memories, &c.

On the gilded page of earthly fame Some may pant to register their name; Round our names no wreath may be, But you may read them on the old home tree Tender memories, &c.

Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl, Mirth and music lure the careless soul; But with us at home, you'll find Home joys that never leave a sting behind. Tender memories, &c.

Firmly bound by silver chains of love,
Here are foretastes of the home above;
Thou from whom all blessings come,
Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.
Tender memories, &c.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME. [14]
There's a beautiful home for thee, brother,
A home, a home for thee;
In that land of bliss, where pleasure is,
There, brother,'s a home for thee.

In

CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, brother,
A beautiful home for thee;
In that land of bliss, where pleasure is,
There, brother,'s a home for thee.

There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee;

In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee.

CHO.—A beautiful rest for thee, brother, A beautiful rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee.

There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother, A crown, a crown for thee;

When the battle is done, and victory won, Our Saviour will give it to thee.

CHO.—A beautiful crown for thee, brother, A beautiful crown for thee; When the battle is done, and victory won, Our Saviour will give it to thee.

There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother, A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee,
Cho.—A beautiful robe, &c.

Will you seek that beautiful home, brother, That home, that home above; In that fand of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?
.Сно.—A beautiful home. &c.

#### I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL. [15]

I want to be an angel. And with the angels stand; A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand. There, right before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest music. And praise him day and night. I never should be weary, Nor ever shed a tear. Nor ever know a sorrow. Nor ever feel a fear: But blessed, pure, and holy, I'd dwell in Jesus' sight, And with ten thousand thousands Praise him both day and night. I know I'm weak and sinful. But Jesus will forgive; For many little children

Have gone to Heaven to live. Dear Saviour, when I languish,

And lay me down to die,

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O, send a snining angel To bear me to the sky.

O, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

#### PRECIOUS SABBATHS. [16]

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Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Still the precious friends beseeching.
Us to store our joys above;
Precious Sabbaths, precious Sabbaths,
Swiftly, O they swiftly fiv.

Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay;
Make us holy, make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath day.

Soon our Sabbaths will be ended, And the joys they bring be past; Like the leaf to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast,
Life is passing—life is passing!
We must see the grave at last.
Then may heaven be beaming o'er us.
With its sunny glories bright
And with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light;
Praising Jesus—praising Jesus,
When the Sabbath knows no night.

LITTLE SERVANTS. [16] Oh what can little hands, little hands do. To please the King of heaven? The little hands some work may try, To help the poor in misery— Such grace to mine be given. Oh what can little lips, little lips do To please the King of heaven? The little lips can praise and pray, And gentle words of kindness say-Such grace to mine be given. Oh what can little eyes, little eyes do To please the King of heaven? The little eyes can upward look, Can learn to read God's holy book-Such grace to mine be given.

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Oh what can little hearts, little nearts do

To please the King of heaven? The hearts, if God his Spirit send, Can love and trust the children's Friend-Such grace to mine be given. When hearts and hands and lips unite To please the King of heaven; And serve the Saviour with delight, They are most precious in his sight-Such grace to mine be given.

#### EMMONS.

[17]

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Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

Oh, may I ever hear thy voice In mercy to me speak; In thee, my priest, will I rejoice. And thy salvation seek.

While Jesus shall he still my theme. While on this earth I stay; I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud, With all the favored throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,

And Christ shall be my song.

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WHERE DO WE LOVE TO GO? [18]

Where do we love to go?

To the Sunday School, to the Sunday

6 School,

What do we do while there?

We sing, we sing, we sing together, We sing of Jesus' love, for Jesus said,

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the

kingdom of heaven,

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them, forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

Where do we love to go?

To the Sunday School, to the Sunday School,

What do we do while there?

We read, we read, we read together, we read God's holy word; for God has said,

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, that the days come not when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them,

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, in the days of thy youth, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Where do we love to go?

To the Sunday School, to the Sunday School.

What do we do while there?

We sing, we sing together,
We sing the angel's song; for the angel's
sang,

"Glory be to God, be to God on high, and on earth be peace and good will, and

good will to men,

Glory to be God, be to God on high, and on earth, and on earth be peace, good will, good will to men." Amen.

#### SICILILIAN HYMN.

[19]

Shepherd of thy little flock, Lead me to the shadowing rock; Where the richest pastures grow, Where the living waters flow.

## JOY IS FOR EARTH, BUT BLISS FOR HEAVEN.—[20.]

This world is all full of joy to me,
Wherever I roam, by land or sea;
Joy reigns o'er ev'ry hill and dale,
And sports on ev'ry breeze and gale,
And smiles in ev'ry blushing flow'r,
And dances in ev'ry laughing show'r.
But bliss on earth is never giv'n;
Joy is for earth, but bliss for heav'n

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This world is all full of joy to me,
It whispers in ev'ry leafy tree,
And glows in ev'ry sunbeam bright,
And sings sweet songs in the pale moonlight,

There's joy in ev'ry sight and sound Wherever the works of God are found. But bliss, &c.

This world is all full of joy to me,
Forever it rings most happy and free,
Yea, breaks all bounds, and hies away,
In youthful sports on a gala day,
But reigns most sweet in homes of love,
A foretaste below of that above.
But bliss, &c.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST. [21]

Hast thou heard of the land where no sorrow or saddness,

Can dim, for a moment, the light of the skies?

Hast thou heard of the land where the deep tones of gladness,

Ne'er melt into tears, ne'er are echoed in sighs.

Where music, sweet music, for ever is flowing,

And flow'rs ever blooming watt fragrance around:

Where the weary repose, all their troubles at rest,

'Tis the Canaan above, 'tis the land of the blest.

No eye e'er hath seen its bright splendors, excelling

The visions of fancy, the dreams of the soul;

No thought e'er can soar where that anthem is swelling,

Nor ear ever hear its deep melodies roll; And death, with the touch of his cold, icy finger,

No more can alarm, for his triumphs are o'er:

Where the weary repose, all their troubles at rest,

'Tis the Canaan above, 'tis the land of the blest.

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR. [22]
Though the days are dark with trouble,
And thy heart is filled with fear,
There is One that sees thee ever,
And will hold thee near and dear.
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces.
Often make thee happy here,
Yet no one was e'er so happy
But sometimes the clouds appear.

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R. [22] ible, There's a friend that's ever near,
Never fear, He is ever near, Never, never
fear,
There's a friend that's ever near,
Never fear, He is ever near, never fear.
All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart.
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
There's a friend that's ever near, &c.

Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss forever more.
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.

There's a friend that's ever near, &c.

I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here:

Though this world is pleasant, Sin is always near.

There's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

But a little pilgrim

Must have garments clean,

If he'd wear the white robes

And with Christ be seen.

Jesus, cleanse and save me, Teach me to obey; Holy Spirit, guide me, On my heavenly way.

THE SMILE OF JESUS.

Lovely is the face of nature,
Deck'd with spring's unfolding flow'rs,
When the sun shows ev'ry feature,
Smiling through descending show'rs.

Birds with songs the time beguiling, Chant their little notes with glee, But to see a Saviour smiling, Is more soft, more sweet to me.

Soft and sweet are showr's descending, On the parch'd, expecting ground; ant,

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ng, d; Fragrance from the fields ascending, Scatters health and joy around.

These with ev'ry earthly blessing,
Loudly for thanksgiving call;
Yet, one smile from thee possessing,
Surely far exceeds them all.

Sweet is sleep to tired nature, Sweet to labor is repose;

Sweet is life to ev'ry creature, Sweet the balm that hope best ws.

But though morn and evening breezes, Sleep, and hope, and life to me,— All are pleasant; nothing pleases, Jesus, like a smile from thee.

BRIGHT BEAMS.

[25]

Bright beams from heav'n are breaking,
O'er Bethlehem's darkened plains;
And sounds of joy are waking,
In sweet harmonious strains;
The watchful shepherds trembling,
Are filled with sore dismay;
While angel bands, assembling,
Shine forth in bright array,
Shino forth in bright array.

Glad tidings of salvation, The herald angel brings

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To ev'ry land and nation,
With healing in his wings;
Soft slumbering in a manger,
An infant Saviour lies;
Ye shepherds, fear no danger,
Lift up your joyful eyes,
Lift up your joyful eyes.

COME INTO CHRIST'S ARMY. [26] Come into Christ's army, come, join it today:

He calls us himself, so we must not delay; What tho' we are children, we're never too small

To be soldiers for Jesus; so come one and all.

CHORUS—Christ gives us our watchward; 'tis written above

On the folds of our banner—that watchword is Love.

Christ gives us our watchward; 'tis written above

On the folds of our banner—that watchword is Love.

He gives us our armor, so shining and bright,

So let us fight bravely for truth and for right;

The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed;

We must ask for his help, or we shall not succeed.

Сно.—Christ give us, &с.

He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er; E'en death cannot harm us—Christ met him before;

We'll follow our Leader, till yonder bright heav'n

Shall ring with our praises for victory given.

Сно.—Christ give us, &с.

#### THE SABBATH DAY. [27]

I love the blessed Sabbath day, Which God has kindly given;

When we may meet to praise and pray, And learn the way to heaven;

It leads our youthful thoughts to him Who reigns in light above;

And makes the joys of earth grow dim, While musing on his love.

I love to hear how Jesus died.

And how he cose again;

Exalted at his Father's side,
A Saviour-prince to reign.

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To him the pure angelic throug
Raise their seraphic strain;
And yet a child's thanksgiving song
His list'ning ear may gain.
I love to sing on earth his grace
To fallen, sinful man;
But, when in glory, him I'll praise
More than the angels can.
Then will we sing in louder strain,
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To Him all glory be.

#### GATHER THEM IN.

**[28]** 

G

Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from the broad highway,
Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather them in this gospel day,
Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in from the prairies vast,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in of ev'ry cast,
Gather, gather them in;
CHO.—Gather them in,let the house be full,
Gather them in to the Sunday School;
Gather them in, gather them in,

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school; in,

Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in;

Gather them in from the street and lane, Gather them in, gather them in;

Gather them, both the halt and lame, Gather, gather them in;

Gather the deaf, and the poor and blind, Gather them in, gather them in;

Gather them in with a willing mind, Gather, gather them in; CHORUS—Gather them in, &c.

Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in;

Gather them in that are seeking rest, Gather them in, gather them in;

Gather them in from the East and West, Gather, gather them in.

Gather them in that are roaming about, Gather them in, gather them in;

Gather them in from the North and South, Gather, gather them in.

CHORUS—Gather them in, &c.

Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in;

Gather them in from all over the land, Gather them in, gather them in;

Gather them in to our noble band, Gather, gather them in: Gather them in with a Christian love, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in for the Church above, Gather, gather them in. Chorus—Gather them in, &c.

## LOVE OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL. [29]

I love the courts of God,
As David did of old;
I love the word that tells of truths
More precious far than gold;
And dear unto my heart,
This sacred hour of rest,
Where Jesus meets a little child,
In courts that he has blest,
In courts that he has blest.
Here we delight to come,
With those who love the Lord;
Our pleasant tasks and cheerful songs
The purest joys afford;

And hope and peace, and holy faith,
Dwell in the Sabbath school,
Dwell in the Sabbath school.

For love and harmony,

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#### SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.—[30]

To our dear Sunday school there ought many to come,

Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home:

I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

CHORUS—I'll try to bring one, I'll try to bring two,

Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.

God meant all the people who live in this place,

To hear of his goodness, and join in his praise;

So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two,

Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do. Chorus—I'll try, &c.

Let me think; are there none of the dea ones at home,

The large, or the little, who never have come?

Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for one, try for two,

Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do. CHORUS—I'll try, &c. My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,

I'll ask them to come the next time that we meet;

Who knows but among them I'll get one or two,

For all that I can, I'm determined to do. CHORUS—I'll try, &c.

Out there in the lot where I pass every day, How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play; If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two,

To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

CHORUS-I'll try, &c.

Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go; What glory and blessedness then I shall know!

But I want in that glory that many may share,—

That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

CHORUS-I'll try, &c.

#### GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD —[81]

Father of love,
Father above,
Send down thy blessing upon each head;

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head;

Shield us from pride
While here we bide,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.

Humbly we pray,
Humbly we say,
Words that our Lord and Redeemer said;
Trustful and weak,
Humbly we speak,
Give us this day etc.

Make us resigned,
Patient of mind,
While to the throne of thy grace we're led;
Make us content
With what is sent,
Give us this day, etc.
Sinful are we,

Thoughtless of thee,
While 'round our footsteps thy care is shed,
Though we forget,
Watch o'er us yet,
Give us this day, etc.

We are joyously voyaging over the main, Bound for the evergreen shore,

Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,

And never see death any more.

CHORUS—Then let the hurricane roar,

It will the sooner be o'er;

We will weather the blast, and will land at last,

Safe on the evergreen shore.

We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,

Under our Saviour's command;

And our hearts in the midst of dangers are brave;

For Jesus will bring us to land.

CHORUS—Then let the hurricane, &c.

Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;

Nothing can baffle his skill:

And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,

Can make the loud tempest be still. CHORUS—Then let the hurricane, &c.

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,

Send not a glimmering ray,

Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,

Will drive all our terror away.—Chorus

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CHORUS

Let the high heaving billow and mountain ous wave,

Fearfully overhead break;

There is one by our side the can comformand save;—

There's one who will never forsake. Chorus—Then let the hurricane, &c.

Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, on the shoal.

Sink to be seen never more:

He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,

Safe, safe to the evergreen shore. CHORUS—Then let the hurricane, &c.

## BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.
Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

Beautiful crowns on ev'ry brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Beautiful Throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

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THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL HOME. [34] There's a beautiful home in a far distant land,

Where sunny days never grow cold; Where the loved and the loving pass not away.

And the youthful they never grow old. Chorus—O beautiful home, sweet beautiful home!

Oh, when shall I thy glories share, With saints and long loved ones with Jesus to dwell,

The crown of redemption to wear:
Oh, beautiful mansion, my heavenly home,
We'll praise thee, dear Saviour, when there,
We'll praise thee, dear Saviour, when there,

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ly home, en there, en there. In that beautiful home there's no need of the san;

It neither hath darkness nor night, For, in glory array'd the King on his throne, Is its beauty, its love, and its light.

- Cuorus—O beautiful home, &c.

In that beautiful home there's no poisonous breath,

Nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor pain—
No dark tribulations, doubtings, nor fears,
Nor weeping, nor hoping in vain.
Chorus—O beautiful home, &c.

Of that beautiful home brightest visions are mine,

Of pleasures to mortal unknown, Save to those whom the King has given his seal—

To those who are wholly his own.

CHORUS-O beautiful home, &c.

In that beautiful home are now gathered the hosts

Who, amid the fierce storms and tempests of life.

Believing, relied on his word. Czorus—O beautiful home, &c. From that beautiful home, far from life's stormy vale,

Soon, soon will his messenger's come, To bear us lone sad ones, over the tide, To heaven, our beautiful home. Chorus— O beautiful home, &c.

## HEBRON. L. M.

[35]

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

# ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.—[36]

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Come and worship, worship Christ, the new
born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light
Come and worship, &c.

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[35]

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Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star.
Come and worship, &c.

Saints before the alter bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Saddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship, &c.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,—
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.
Come and worsnip, &c.

# "HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!" [37]

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to
Thee.

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty, God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy holy! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee.

Who was, and art, and ever more shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide
Thee,

Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see:

Only thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea.

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty, God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

### BEAUTIFUL CITY.

[38]

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God,

Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; glory

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[38]

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There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet. Zion, &c.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conqueror's show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

JESUS, FULL OF ALL COMPASSION.

Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
O, let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die!
Oh, see, I languish, faint, and die!
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
With sorrow at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh send me quick relief!
Now send, oh send me quick relief!

But to him who comfort gives!

Say, whither from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

Only to him who ever lives!

Saved, the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above;

Hark, angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love,

'Tis all enraptur'd with thy love.

#### SCHOOL HOUR.

[40]

Hark, the Sabbath bells are ringing!

Let us haste without delay;

Prayers of thousands now are winging

Up to heaven their silent way.

'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
We have met for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us, then be early there.

Do not keep our teachers waiting, While you tarry by the way; Nor disturb the school reciting; 'Tis the holy Sabbath day;

Children, haste; the bells are ringing; And the morning's bright and tair; Thousands now are joined in singing; Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

#### SING HIS PRAISE.

[40]

Would you be as angels are, Sing, sing, sing His praise; Would you banish every care, Sing, sing, sing His praise; Like the lark upon the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring, Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing His praise. If the world upon you frown, Sing, &c. If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c. If sad trials come to you, As to every one they do, For that they are blessings too—Sing, &c. For His wondrous dying love, Sing, &c. That He intercedes above, Sing, &c. Thus, whene'er you come to die, You shall soar beyond the sky, And with angel choirs on high, Sing, &c.

#### MERCY'S FREE.

[41]

By faith I view my Saviour bleeding,
On the tree, On the tree.
To ev'ry nation he is crying,
Look to me! look to me.
Hark! hark! what piercing words I heave.
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

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nging; iair; ging; yer. CHO.—He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear, O yes, he did salvation bring, He is my *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*;

Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pity me, Pity me!

And did he snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be!

And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
CHORUM—He bids the guilty, &c.

Jesus my weary soul refreshes, Mercy's free, mercy's free; And every moment Christ is precious,

Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love:

Mercy's free, mercy's free.

CHORUS—He bids the guilty, &c.

Long as I live, I'll still be crying Mercy's free, mercy's free; And this shall be my theme when dying, Mercy's free, mercy's free.

And when the vale of death I've passed.
When lodged above the stormy bins.
I'll sing while endless ages last,

Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Cuonus—He bids the guilty. &c.

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HAIL TO THE OPENING YEAR. [42]

Hail to the op'ning year!

Hail to the new born time!

Lord, to thy waiting ear,

We raise our cheerful hymn.

To thee we sing, to thee we pray,
O God, who giv'st each year, each day.

Hail to thee op'ning year!

The precious gift we own,
With many a sorrowing tear
For mispent seasons flown.

Our wasted years, O God, forgive, And teach us better how to live.

Hail to the op'ning year!
We greet its natal morn,
With promises and hopes,
And high resolves upborne.
Lord, we would spend this year to thee,
In works of love and purity.

God of the opening year!
God of each passing day!
O, hear our youthful prayer,
And grant us grace alway,
To shun the paths of vice and sin,
And heaven's blest life on earth begin.

# ANTHEM.—"THE HAPPY DAY AGAIN IS HERE." [SERAPH.]

The happy day again is here,
When we, with grateful hearts,
Behold our generous friends appear,
Who hasten with a joy sincere,
Their bounty to impart.

Do thou O Lord, our friends repay,
Whose tender care we prove,
From them we learn to read, to pray,
To keep the holy Sabbath day,
And think of Jesus' love.
Cho.—In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure,
And set our feet upon the rock,
And make in thee our goings sure.

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We bow before thy gracious throne,
And offer up our prayer.
Do thou, for Jesus' sake alone,
Thy blessings ever shower down,
On all whose gifts we share.
Сно.—But thine, O Lord, be the glory,
On thy lov'd name we dwell,
And while each intant praises thee,
Let all the pow'rs of harmony,
The joyful chorus swell.

DAY SERAPH.]

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### COME, LET US ANEW OUR JOUR-NEY PURSUE.

Come. let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the Master appear. His adorable will let us gladly fulfi!,

And our talents improve,

By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream; our time as a stream, Glides swiftly away;

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown; the moment is gone; The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,

"I have fought my way through;

I have finish'd the work thou didst giveme to do." HOTHER THE HE

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,

"Well and faithfully done;

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

# COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY DELESSING.—[19]

Come, thou fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing thy grace.

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,

Sung by flaming tongues above.

Praise the mount—Im fixed upon it,

Mount of thy redeeming love!

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Ol to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

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GREEN STREET.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Isreal's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE. [157]

Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice.
In my behalf appears;
Before the Throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

## O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

O, we are volunteers in the army of the Lord,

Forming into line at our Captain's word; We are under marching orders to take the battle-field,

And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

CHORUS.—Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,

Jesus is our Captain, we'll rally at his word;

Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin,

But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

The glory of our flag is the emblem of the

Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;

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We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain;

'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.

Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side—

Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride; They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;

We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them back.

O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,

Glorious in the kingdom of Christ, our Lord;

It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,

And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

### EVENING HYMN.

[11]

Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own almighty wings! r earthly

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[42]

Go d save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!
Crown'd by a nation's love,
Guarded by Heaven above,
Long live the Queen!
Loud may each voice exclaim,
Wide as Britannia's fame,
Long live Victoria's name,
God bless the Queen!

BEYOND THE RIVER.

[43]

Beyond life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream;
CHO.—The Saint shall dwell in glory,
In beauty fading not;

Oh! pilgrim are you praying, That this may be your lot.

Beyond this land of sighing, Where countless tears are shed.

Beyond the sick and dying, Beyond the mouldering dead CHO. —The Saint shall dwell, &c. Beyond this scene of trial. Where heart and flesh do fail . Beyond the dark'ning shadows, Beyond the gloomy vale; Сно.—The Saint shall dwell, &c. Beyond the thought of grieving A kind and gracious God; Beyond the fear of sinning, Beyond the chastening rod. Сно.—The Saint shall dwell, &с. Beyond Earth's weary burden, The cross, the scourge, the rod; The saint shall dwell in glory, The saint shall dwell with God. Сно.—The Saint shall dwell, &с.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY. [44]

O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school;

Fight on, ye little soldiers,

The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,

The battle you shall win;

For the Saviour is your Captain,

For the Saviour is your Captain,

And he has vanquished sin.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in this army, &c.

And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.
CHO.—I am glad I'm in this army, &c.

### GOLDEN PROMISE

[45]

A radiant shore of light and love;
A peaceful home of rest above;
Is mine, if but faithful I should be;
This promise the Lord hath made to me!

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Сно.—I will go, I will go,
Go to that radiant shore above,
I will go, I will go,
Go to that heavenly lacd of love.

A shadowless country, fair and bright,
The Lord himself the glorious light,
A garden of beauty, blooming free,
A river of life in store for me!

Сно.—I will go, &c.

A few more seasons of grief and woe;
A few more weary days below,
Then if I am faithful I shall see,
The mansion prepared in heaven for me!
Cho.—I will go, &c.

A beautiful garment, white and fair;
A brighter crown than angels wear;
A palm of vict'ry mine shall be;
This promise the Lord hath made to me!
Cho.—I will go, &c.

## REST YONDER.

[46]

The

CHO

This is not my place of resting;
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hastening—
On to my eternal home.
CHO.—There is rest, There is rest,
There is rest yonder, in that happy land,

There is rest yonder, There is rest yonder, There is rest in that happy land.

O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story—
All the curse hath passed away.

Сно.—There is rest, &c.

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Here the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain—
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

## BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE. [47]

O, how my spirit longs for thee,
Beautiful home above!
Where I may rest from sorrow free,
Beautiful home above!
Within the golden gates of light,
Arrayed in garments pure and white,
I'll walk with angels fair and bright,
In my home above.

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CHORUS—Beautiful home above. Beantiful home above-O. Come and take me, Saviour come; I love my beautiful home. To reach thee safe I daily pray, Beautiful home above! And travel in the toilsome way, Beautiful home above l My weary feet are bruised and sore, But Jesus' feet were bruised before. To bring me to the open door, i Of my home above. CHO.—Beautiful home above, &c. Thy shining walls by faith I see, Beautiful home above! The mansions fair prepared for me, Beautiful home above! O let me keep my longing eyes Intently fixed upon the prize, Till angels bear me to the skies, In my home above. Сно.—Beautiful home above. &c.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE. [48]
I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to
his fold.—

I should like to have been with them then:

I could wish that his hands had been placed on my head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in faith I may go, And there ask a share of his love;

And I know if I earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above,—

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,

For all those who are washed and for-

And many dear children are gathering there,

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AT SEA.—[49]

Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To ev'ry land below.

[48]

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Arise, ye gales, and wast them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

O thou Eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine at a
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm

Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wherever they may be; Tho' far from those who love them, Still let them be with thee.

# "GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB."

Hark, the sweetest notes of angels singing, Glory, glory to the Lamb!

All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing.

Raising high the Saviour's name, We will join the beautiful angels, We will join the beautiful angels, Singing away, singing away, Glory, glory, to the Lamb.

Ye for whom his precious life was given, Sacred themes to you belong Come

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Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven, words.

Join the everlasting song.

We will join, &c.

Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,

Founts of everlasting love. We will join, &c.

Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessin,
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will joir, &c.

# WE COME WITH SONGS TO GREET A YOU.—[51]

A year (week) again has passed away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.
We come, we come,
We come with songs to greet you,
We come, we come,
We come with songs again.

We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us atl our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come, we come, &c.

We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Thro' ev'ry passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear.
We come, we come, &c.

We'll sing of many a happy hour,
We've passed in Sunday school,
Where truth, like summer's genial showers.
Extends its gracious rule.
We come, we come, &c.

Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing
A general song of grateful praise,
To heaven's eternal King.
We come, we come, &c.

### HEAVEN IS MY HOME. [527

Im but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home
Danger and sorrow stand,
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my father land,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.
There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
These I loved most and best.

There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

O COME, LET US SING. [52]

O come, let us sing !
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love,
O come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody!
O come, let us sing!

O swell, swell the song.
His praises oft repeating:

D

His Son he gave our souls to save,
O swell, swell the song!
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring
And make the welkin ring
With sweet swelling song

All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending,
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit reconciled,
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join.

## TIS THERE WE LOVE TO GO. [63]

Bells have rung, 'tis time to go,
We would not delay;
Ah, those sounds how well we know,
On the Sabbath day.
Cho—Sabbath School!
'Tis there we love to go
Yes, yes, yes,
'Tis there we love to go.

CHO

Teachers dear we there shall find, Guiding us to heaven; Let us then with earnest mind,
Heed all instruction given.
CHO.—Sabbath school, &c
Yes, our Saviour, when below,
Bade little children come;
He is just as willing now
To lead us to our home.

ing

ace.

[53]

now,

HOW LOVELY IS ZION. [54]

Сно.—Sabbath School, &c.

O how lovely, O how lovely,
Zion, city of our God.
O how lovely, O how lovely,
Is Zion, city of our God.
How lovely is Zion,
How lovely is Zion,
How lovely is Zion,
How lovely is Zion,
How lovely is Zion, how lovely.

CHO.—How lovely is Zion,

How lovely is Zion, city of our God.

How lovely, how lovely,

How lovely is Zion.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

## O, TO BE THERE.

155

O to be there; |
Where never tears of sorrow
Shall | dim the | eye; nor aching pain nor
care,
Shall over- | come our | morrow, |

O to be there!

O, lovely home! |
Thy fragrant, thornless flowers,
Droop | not, nor | die; | but everlasting
bloom
Crowns all thy | golden | hours. |

Crowns all thy | golden | hours, | O, lovely home!

O, let me | go! |
Death, shall not there dissever,
Our | loving | hearts! | Rivers of pleasure
flow,

At God's right | hand for- | ever! | O, let me | go! |

For thou art | there, |
Who unto me hast given
Eternal Life, making me | pure and |
fair; |

And thus, to | me is | Heaven, | For thou art | there! | TH Hea

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# THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION. [56]

Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation. Publishing to ev'ry creature, To the ruined sons of nature;

55

nor

Сно.—Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns.

See the royal banner flying, Hear the heralds loudly crying, "Rebel sinners, royal favor Now is offered by the Saviour." Jesus reigns, &c.

"Here is wine, and milk, and honey; Come, and purchase without money; Mercy flowing from a fountain, Streaming from the holy mountain."

Jesus reigns, &c.

Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.

Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention, Christ hath purchased our redemption; Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Jeaus reigns, &c.

# BEAUTIFUL LAND, [57]

A beautiful land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair.
And beautiful angels too, are there.
Cho.—Will you go? Will you go?

Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

That beautiful land, the city of light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night.
The glory of God, the light of day,

Hath driven the darkness far away. Сно.—Will you go? Will you go? &c

In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I, too, behold.
The river of life, the crystal sea,

Th' ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. CHO.—Will you go? Will you go? &c.

The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light,
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace
CHO.—Will you go? Will you go? &c.

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A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR. [58] Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart Jesus is near me to cheer my heart; He's near to help me, whilst life's hours remain. He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain. He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, CHO. —Gentle angels near me glide, Hopes of glory 'round me bide, And there lingers by my side A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near. A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near. Why should I languish—why should I fear? In sorrow and anguish He's ever near; Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain, Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain,

In sorrow and anguish He's ever near; Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain, Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain, Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain. Cho.—Gentle angels near me glide, &c.

Scenes that will vanish smile on me now, Joys of a moment play round my brow; But soon in heaven He'll meet me again, There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain,

There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.

CHO.—Gentle angels near me glide, &c.

### SUNLIGHT.

[59]

The sun shines bright,
And it pours its light,
O'er the valley, the field and flood;
The night bird flies
From the sun-lit skies,

To his home in the leafy wood.

Cho.—Then sleep no more, for the day is come.

The night with its gloom has fled; With a cheerful heart, fulfil your part, And the path of duty tread.

God's word is light,
Like the sun so bright,
I it shines in this Christian clim

And it shines in this Christian clime; And sin retires

From its searching fires,
To its home in the dens of crime.
CHO.—Then sleep no more, &c.

Poor pagans sleep In their gloom so deep, Not a star leuds its feeble ray;

But rays divine
On your pathway shine;
And you bask in the bright broad day.

CHO.—Then sleep no more, &c.

Then pray and toil For a little while, Свя

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And the wants of the world supply;

Do all you can,

Whether child or man,

For the night of the grave draws nigh.

Cho.—Then sleep no more, &c.

STAND UP FOR JESUS. [66]

This life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the victory to win. And Christ is the Captain of our little band: Whatever opposes, for him we will stand. Сно.—Then stand up for Jesus, whatever

befall;

In Calvary's mountain he stood for us all; [Jesus,

Then stand up for Jesus, stand up for Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

To God for our armour we'll fail not to go; He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;

The "gospel cf peace" shall our footsteps attend,

And the good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.

Сно.—Then stand up for Jesus, &с.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword, Though wily our foes, we are "strong in the Lord;"

While watching and praying our armour keeps bright, Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right. Сно.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c. Though little temptations—the worst ones of all-

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Сно.

Will often beset us to make us to fall, We'll stand up for Jesus, and when life is o'er.

For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.

CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

#### DEEDS OF KINDNESS. [61]

Suppose the little cowslip Should hang its golden cup, And say, "I'm such a tiny flower I'd better not grow up?" How many a weary trav'ler Would miss its fragrant smell!

How many a little child would grieve To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glist'ning dew drop Upon the grass should say, "What can a little dew drop do; I'd better roll away!"

The blade on which it rested.

our

ght.

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ight

[61]

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Before the day was done, Without a drop to moister it, Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes, Upon a summer's day,

Should think themselves too small to cool

The trav'ler on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest And softest ones that blow.

And think they made a great mistake, If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness A little child can do.

Although it has but little strength,

And little wisdom too!

It wants a loving spirit

Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child may do For others, by its love.

## I DO BELIEVE.

[61,

I will believe, I do believe That Jesus died for me;

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Сно.—I will believe, I do believe

That Jesus died for me;
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,

I shall from sin be free.

Abide with me; fast falls the even tide; The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see: O Thou who changest not, abide with me. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with

me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;

Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

Out on an We're ho Tossed on

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We're he Far from t Seeking ou Promise of We're hom

Wildly the We're h Look! you

We're b Steady! C Steady! v O, how w We're hor

Into the l We're Softly we We're ho

Glory to

#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

[63]

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Far from the safe, quite harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel! Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale; O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail! We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er

62]

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We stand secure on the glorified shore, Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last, home at last.

## REALMS OF THE BLEST. [64]

Li

In

CHO.—

I'll go to that beautiful land,
Where the weary are ever at rest;
There join with the celestial band,
And lean on the dear Saviour's breast.

Cно.— I'll go, I'll go, I'll go;
I'll go to that beautiful land;
I'll go, I'll go, I'll go.
I'll go to that beautiful land.

Life's dangers may compass me round,
And my faith may be put to the test;
I'll trust to the gospel's glad sound,
That guides even me to my rest.
Cho.—I'll go, &c.

I hope my dear father'll be there,
With my mother and sister so dear,
My teacher, whose thrice tender care
Hath taught me sin's dark path to fear,
Сно.—I'll go, &c.

When the tempter's dominion will cease;
When Christ, o'er the sea and the land,
Shall reign in an unending peace.
Сно.—I'll go, &c.

#### GOLDEN GATES.

[65]

Little travellers Zionward,
Eeach one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.

[64]

CHO.—There to welcome Jesus waits;
Gives the crowns his followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
And let the children in.

Who are those whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey thro',
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view?—Сно.

I, from Greenland's frozen land
I, from India's sultry plain,
I, from Afric's barren sand,
I, from Islands of the main.—Сно

All our earthly journey past,

Every tear and pain gone by,

Here together met at last,

At the portals of the sky.—Cho.

## OVER THE SEA

[66]

The sea is wildly tossing,
And often clothed with gloom,
On which we're swiftly crossing
To our eternal home.

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CHO.—Over the sea, over the sea,
Gracious Saviour, pilot me;
Over the sea, over the sea,
Spirit kind, my guardian be;
Over the sea, wherever I roam,
Father above, Oh bring me home
Under the bright celestial dome.

We've many a foe to conquer,
And many a storm to face,
Ere we in heaven may anchor,
And sing redeeming grace.—Сно.

Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still.—Cho.

Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trustful heart.—CHO.

We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our tife,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. [67] Jerusalem, the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, O, I know not

What joys await us there,

What radiancy of glory,

What light beyond compare:

They stand, those halls of Sion, All jubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel

And all the martyr throng.

The prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessea
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care releas'd,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever

t;

Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect.
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect.
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest.

Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit ever blest.

## THERE'S JOY IN JESUS' LOVE. [68]

We come this day to praise
Our Saviour and our God;
To Him our songs we raise,
Who bought us with his blood:
From sin's dark waste of tears
We raise our thoughts above,
And sing, despite our fears,
There's joy in Jesus' love.

CHO.—There's joy in Jesus' love,

To all who faithful live;

There's joy in Jesus' love,

That nothing else can give.

Our hope is fixed alone
On him whom we adore;
For blessings all his own,
We'll praise him evermore;
His care, that bids us ave,
His grace, that points above,
His word, whose pages give
The joy of Jesus' love.—Cho.

With every tender care
Our little ones are led,
The joys of heaven to share
With Christ, their living head;

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We thank our heavenly King,
That mercy from above
Has taught our lambs to sing
There's joy in Jesus' love.—Cro.

## THE PRAISE OF JESUS. [68]

We sing the praise of Jesus, the holy Lamb of God,

Who came from heav'n to bless us, and shed for us his blood:

Who died in awful anguish upon the cross, that we

Might live to sing his praises throughout eternity.

We sing the praise of Jesus; tho' once on earth he taught,

He's now in heav'n, and sees us, and knows our every tho't;

He will not frown upon us, although to him we raise

Our sinful hearts and voices, in one sweet song of praise.

We sing the praise of Jesus, who did our souls redeem,

Who welcom'd little children when they were bro't to him;

He kindly spoke, and bade them that they for him had charms,
And then he did enfold them, and bless'd them in his arms.

## PLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE. [69]

Glory to the Father give, God in whom we move and live; Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear. Glory to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb for he was slain. Glory to the Holy Ghost! Be this day a Pentecost! Children's minds may he inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire! Glory to the highest be. To the blessed Trinity. For the gospel from above For the word, that "God is love!"

THE STILL SMALL VOICE. [70]

Oft as I rove, in thoughtless mood, Along life's flowery, sunny road, Unconscious how the path may end. Unheeding where my footsteps tend, I hear In a g

Softly

From And of When Or on A still In a ge

Softly

At tim

Some Some Then In a g

Softel

Some Temp And I To lu I hear a voice which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come away, Come away!

Softly it whispers, Come away, Come away! Come away

From day to day that voice I hear,
And oftenest when no friend is near—
When on some secret purpose bent,
Or on some pleasure too intent—
A still small voice, which seems to say.
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!

Softly it whispers, Come away, Come away! Come away!

At times perchance too near I tread Some cruel quicksand's treach'rous bed, Some yawning gulf, some fatal snare, Some spot where death is in the air; Then comes that warning voice to say, In a gentle whisper, Come away,

Come away!
Softely it whispers, Come away,
Come away!

Some foe with radiant beauty drapes
Temptation in a thousand shapes;
And many a glittering prize is given
To lure me far from home and heaven;

But never fails that voice to say, With its gentle whisper, Come away, Come away! Softly it whispers, Come away, Come away

Ah, gentle Spirit, faithful Friend, Be with me always to life's end, Till He who keeps my heav'nly crown. Shall send his loving angel down. Upon my brow his hand to lay, And kindly bid me, Come away. Come away ! And Softly whisper, Come away,

Come away !

#### SWEETLY SING.

[71] Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heavenly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise; Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; I ' Raise your songs, : | Now with thankful tongues. Angels bright, angels bright, Robed in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In melodious lays,

But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, I : "Redeeming love: I Brought us here above."

Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay;
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive, to receive
All who will believe.

Now we know, now we know,
We from earth must shortly go;
Soon the call, soon the call,
Comes to one and all.
Saviour, when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home;
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Thro' unending days.

A BRIGHTER DAY.

"Lift your heads" with faith; the morrow Dawneth brighter than to-day; Angel hands will lift the shadows, Chase the gathering gloom away. Сно—"Lift your heads," the day is breaking,

Soon the morning will appear; See the earth from slumber waking; "Lift your heads," the day draws near.

Art thou lonely, sad, and weary, Watching through the silent night? Dry thy tears, the orient glustens Like a thread of silver light. CHO.—" Lift your heads," &c.

Does the night seem long and weary—Dangers threatening long the way?

Joy will soon return to bless thee,

Soon will dawn a brighter day.

Cho.—'Lift your heads,' &c.

What, though wars and earth's commotion.
Try our faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.
CHO.—' Lift your heads,' &c.

Let the heart be cheered with gladness, Though the sun is veiled from sight; See! the stars are brightly beaming Through the shadows of the night.

CHORUS.—Look! e'en now the morn in breaking;
See the shadows flee away;

See! the earth from slumber waking; Lift your heads!' behold the day!

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## WAITING BY THE RIVER. [73

We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Cho.—We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

Tho' the mist hang o'er the river, And its billows loudly roar; Yet we hear the song of angels, Wafted from the other shore. Сно.—We are waiting, &c.

And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

Сно. — We are waiting, &c.

He has called for many a loved one;
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we, too, have crossed the tide.
Сно.—We are waiting, &c.

CHO.

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CHORUS

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## HEAVENLY BLISS. [74] There is a glorious world of light, Above the stormy sky; Where saints departed, clothed in white, Adore the Lord most high. CHORUS-Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah, Singing glory, glory, glory hallelujah! And there in all the sacred songs Those heavenly voices raise, Ten thousand thousand infant tongues Unite in perfect praise. Сно.—Singing glory, &c. Those are the songs that we shall know. If Jesus we obey; And that the place where we shall go, If found in wisdom's way. CHO.—Singing glory, &c.

## CLOSING SONG. [74]

Come, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Join ev'ry tongue and heart,
To celebrate his fame.

If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above;

With all the saints adore Bedeeming grace and love. CHO.—Jesus, the children's friend,
Him whom our souls acore,
His praises have no end,
Praise him for evermore.

## A CROWN OF GLORY BRIGHT. [75]

A crown of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.

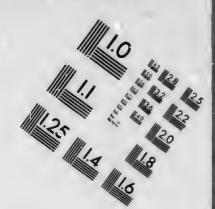
CHORUS--I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,

Nearer my home to-day; Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day Then ever I've been before.

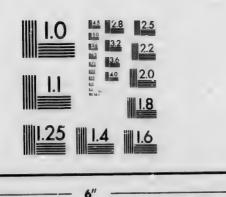
Oh may I faithful prove,
The crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.—Cho.

Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
Oh, keep me near thy side;
Be thou my friend.—Cho.

Be thou my shield and sun,
My guide and guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.—Cho.



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## SING PRAISES. [76] In the rosy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high, From the lips of youth to the God of truth. Let the joyful echoes fly. Chorus—Sing praises, glad praises, Sing, children, sing, Let your songs arise to the lofty skies. And exult in God our King. As he looked in love from the world above, Our distresses filled his eye; And a world to save, his Son he gave. On the bloody tree to die.—Cno. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled, To deliver us from woe, Has endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss: Let his praise for ever flow.—Cho. Now exalted high o'er the earth and sky. He delights in mercy still;

Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear, And our longing souls to fill.—CHo.

On the cross he hung for the old and young.

But he loves the children best;

To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely, And secure his promised rest.—Сно.

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And his children, and his chilidren Reach their everlasting home.

Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be!

But a music sweeter far,
In the light, in the light,
Breathes where angel-spirits are,
In the light of God.

CHORUS—Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God?
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God?
Cho.—Let us walk, &c.

Yes, that bliss our own may be
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God;
For the good a rest remains.

#### SING PRAISES. [76] In the rosy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high. From the lips of youth to the God of truth. Let the joyful ashan a-**[78]** YOUTHFUL WORKERS. In the vineyard of our Father. Daily work we find to do; Scattered gleanings we may gather, Though we are but young and few. Little clusters, little clusters Help to fill the garners too. Little clusters, little clusters Help to fill the garners too. I oiling early in the morning, Catching moments through the day, Nothing small or lowly scorning, So along our path we stray, Gath'ring gladly, gath'ring gladly Free-will off'rings by the way. Gath'ring glady, gath'ring gladly Free-will off'rings by the way. Up, and ever at our calling, Till in death our lips are dumb: Or, till sin's dominion falling, Christ shall in his kingdom come, And his children, and his children Reach their everlasting home.

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And his children, and his children
Reach their everlasting home.

Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be!

And for ever and for ever
We shall give the praise to thee;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Singing through eternity.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Singing through eternity.

## OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM. [79]

Round the throne in glory
Happy children throng,
And redemption's story
Wakes the harp and song.
On the verdant mountain,
By the shining stream,
Or the living fountain,
Jesus is their theme.
Chorus—Glory to the Lamb,
Praise him and adore,
Glory to the Lamb
For evermore.

Robes of snowy whiteness,
Beautiful and rare;
Crowns of radiant brightness.
Such those children wear:

Safe from death's pereavement, Sorrow and the grave, Free from sin's enslavement. Vict'ry's palm they wave. CHORUS-Glory, &c.

Now the skilful fingers Sweep the golden lyre; Not a harper lingers In that ransomed choir; Voices sweetly blending With the tuneful string. To the throne ascending. Praise the heavenly King. CHORUS-Glory, &c.

Children now sojourning In a world of sin, From your follies turning. Strive to enter in: Let your young affections Round the Saviour twine: And 'mid heaven's attractions You shall sing and shine. CHORUS-Glory, &c.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

[80]

From Greenland's icy mountains. From India's coral strand.

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Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb. for sinners slain.

Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

## HAPPY DAY.

[81]

[81]

O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

#### NO SORROW THERE.

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there; In heaven above where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL BATTLE SONG. [82]

Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far; Happy ba Little

CHO.—

For the And Marchi Show We wil

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Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring,
Little soldiers of Zion, prepared for the

war.

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CHO.—Marching on, marching on, Sound the battle cry, sound the battle cry,

For the Saviour is before us, And for him we draw the sword;

Marching on, marching on, Shout the victory, shout the victory!

We will end the battle singing, "Hallelujah to the Lord,"

Pressing on, pressing on, to the din of the fray,

With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;

'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away,

With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rd the foe.

CHORUS.—Marching on, &c.

Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,

At the call of our Captain, we draw every sword:

We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,

Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fighte 'gainst the Lord.
CHORUS.—Marching on, &C.

Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come;

Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;

Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,

And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.

CHORUS .- Marching on, &c.

#### LITTLE THINGS.

[83]

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

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[83]

Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations Far in heathen lands.

## THE GOLDEN SHORE; OR, A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.—[84]

We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

Cho.—All the storms will soon be over,

Then we'll anchor in the harbor;

We are out on the ocean sailing,

To a home beyond the tide;

We are out on the ocean sailing,

To a home beyond the tide

Millions now are safely landed,

Cver on the golden shore;

Millions more are on their journey,

Yet there's room for millions more.

CHO.—All the storms, &c.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breeze
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—Cho.

When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.—Cho.

### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

[85]

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.
A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
To him let little children come,
For he has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wine away.

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LOOK ALOFT. **F861** In the tempest of life, when the wind and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail. If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, Look aloft, look aloft, look aloft, and be firm, and confiding of heart, Look aloft, and be firm, and confiding of heart. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow. With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Look aloft, look aloft, to the friendship which never shall fade. Look aloft, to the friendship which never shall fade. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly. Then turn, and thro' tears of repentant re-

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**1857** 

Look aloft, look aloft, to the sun that is never to set, Look aloft, to the sun that is never to set.

Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy

The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart; Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,

To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast,

His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart.

And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.

## SUNDAY! SACRED DAY OF REST.

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Sunday! sacred day of rest,
Ever welcomed, ever blest,
Weekly toils and labors done,
Now we greet with joy the sun.
Hark! the music of the bell
Echoes loud thro' copse and dell,
Giving note of 'meeting time,'
Sweet and cheerful is its chime.

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Now we to the church repair. And we kneel in worship there, Looking for the promised love Of our heav'nly Friend above. There the 'merciful' are found. There the 'pure in heart' abound, There the humble and the meek Mourn the follies of the week. 'Tis the place where age and youth May resort in search of truth. Truth, for man's salvation giv'n 'Tis the pathway, then, to heav'n. 'Two or three,' if gathered there, Seeking God in praise or Fray'r, With devoted, pious mind, Will his blessing ever find.

ANGELS' WELCOME. [83]

My home is in heaven, my rest is not here; Then why should I murmer when trials appear?

Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that

But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

CHORUS—Then the angels will come, with their music will come,

With music, sweet music to welcome ma

In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will stand,

And sing me a welcome to their own native land.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, And building my hopes in a region like this; I look for a city which hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin undefiled.—Cho.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;

I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' own
breast.—Cho.

# DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COMING?—[89]

Holy angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight,

Winged with mercy as they fly.

Don't you hear them? coming over

hill and plain,

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Scatt'ring music in their heavenly train!

CHORUS—Oh! don't you hear the angels coming, singing as they come?

Oh, bear me, angels, angels bear me home.

Though their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.
Cho.—Don't you hear, &c.

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Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
Oh, how sweetly would we ring
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.
Сно.—Don't you hear, &c.

Yet, methinks, if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I, perhaps, like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do.
Сно.—Don't you hear, &c.

#### GENTLE WORDS.

[90]

Gentle words, how sweet they sound;
Joy they give to all around.
Words of love, what peace they bring,
Happiness to ev'ry thing.
CHO.—Gentle words, how sweet they sound;
Joy they give to all around,
Words of love, what peace they bring
Happiness to ev'ry thing.

Gentle words will reach the heart, Balm to sorrow they impart; Loving words are sweet to hear, Joining hearts to others dear. CHO.—Gentle words, &c.

Gentle words then freely give,
They will teach you how to live,
They to you are freely given,
angels whisper them from Heav'n.
CHO.-Gentle words, &c.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[91]

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We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar,

Field and fountain, moor and mountain,

Following yonder star.

CHO.—O, star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still preceding
Guide us to the perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him again— King for ever, ceasing never Over us all to reign.—Cho.

Frankincense to offer have I: Incense owns a deity nigh;

Pray'r and praising, all men raising Worship him, God, on high.—Cro.

Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom—
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.—Сно.
Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Heaven singing Hallelujah;
Joyous the earth replies.—Сно.

# THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.[92]

No mortal eye that land hath seen,
Beyond, beyond the river;
Its smiling valleys, hills so green,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Its shores are coming nearer,
The skies are growing clearer,
Each day it seemeth dearer,
That land beyond the river.
Cho.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand

the storm,
Its rage is almost over,
We'll anchor in the harbor soon,
In the land beyond the river.

No cankering care nor mortal strife, Beyond, beyond the river; But happy, never ending life Beyond, beyond the river.

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Thro' the eternal hours. God's love, in heav'nly showers, Shall water faith's fair flowers. In the land beyond the river. CHO.—We'll stand the storm. &c. That glorious day will ne'er be done. Beyond, beyond the river; When we've the crown and kingdom won Beyond, beyond the river. There is eternal pleasure, And joys that none can measure. For those who have their treasure In the land beyond the river. CHO.—We'll stand the storm. &c. When shall we look from Zion's hill. Beyond, beyond the river? With endless bliss our hearts shall thril Beyond, beyond the river. There angels bright are singing. Where golden harps are ringing, We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land beyond the river.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

CHO.—We'll stand the storm. &c.

Star of peace to wand'rers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea,

Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Star of hope, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him, on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea.

Star Divine, O, safely guide him, Bring the wanderer home to thee; Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

## HAPPY HOME ABOVE. [94]

We soon shall leave this foreign land,
And cross the flowing river,
And in our Saviour's presence stand,
And sing his praise for ever.
Сно.—Оh, happy home above,
Oh, happy home above,
Thro' end-less days we'll sing the praise
Of Jesus and his love.

No sorrow there; from radiant eyes,
No tears of grief are starting;
No sad farewell, no laboring sighs,
When friend from friend is parting.
Cho.—Oh, happy home above, &c.

No lurking foe, no hidden snare,
Shall evermore beguile us;
No pleasures false, as well as fair,
Shall evermore defile us.
Cho.—Oh, happy home above, &c.
Then, children, now repent, believe,
And walk the path of duty;
Then in the home above you'll live,
Where reigns immortal beauty.
Cho.—Oh, happy home above, &c.

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WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT. [95]
When the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full;
And it draws its line near the hour of nine
I'll away to Sabbath-School.
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be,
At the Sabbath-School.
I'll away! away!
I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath-School.
Un the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,

On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the
trees

To the Sabbath-School I go,
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-School.
I'll away, &c.

In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there.
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-School.
T'll away, &c.

#### THE SHEEPFOLD.

**1961** 

When Jesus the meek and the lowly was here,

He spoke in the accents of love:

"Forbid not the children to come unto me;
Of such is the kingdom above."

Great Shepherd, I'm helpness and often I rove;

My sins and my follies in pity remove, And gather a child in the arms of thy love, And give him a place in thy fold.

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Then in the green pastures I'll lay myself down,

And feed on the life-giving word;
Til drink of the waters that peacefully flow,
And never by tempest are stirred.

But guard me and guide me, my Shepherd, I pray,

And give me a heart thy commands to obey, To turn from temptations and tempters away,

And never depart from thy fold.

Oh, why on the mountains so cold and so drear.

Where darkness and dange s appall, Should children be suffered to wander and die.

When Jesus would welcome them all? Ye friends of the children, go gather them in.

And study to woo them, and labor to win, Before they are wedded to folly and sin, And die far away from the fold.

For 'tis not the will of the Shepherd divine,
That one of these lambs should be lost,
A precious salvation he purchased for them,
And tongue cannot tell wast it cost:

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He grieves when he sees them by folly beguiled,

For precious to him is the soul of a child, And safely at last, in the land undefiled, He gathers them into his fold.

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## WANDERING LAMBS. [97]

Over the mountains, barren and cold,
Far from the pasture, far from the fold,
Wander the lambs, by folly beguiled;
Rescue the children, friends of the child.
CHO.—Hasten to seek them, hasten to save,
Ere they be lost in the night of the grave.
Jesus, the Shepherd, loves to behold
Lambs of his flock secure in his fold;
Grieved is the heart of infinite Love,
When from the sheepfold littles ones rove,
CHO.—Hasten to seek, &c.

Pleasures allure them, false as they're fair; Lies in their pathway many a snare; Tempters around them seek to decoy, Dangers in ambush wait to destroy.

Сно.—Hasten to seek, &с.

Gently and kindly guide the young feet, Line upon line, with patience entreat; Happy the heart whose labor is this—Guiding a child to mansions of bliss.

Сно.—Hasten to seek, &c.

#### REMEMBER THE SABBATE-SCHOOL.—[98]

Oh, remember the Sabbath-School,
When the summer is past,
And the chill winds sigh mournfully,
And the snow-flakes fly fast.
Do not say, "It looks drearily;
'Tis a cold wintry day;"
Come with eyes sparkling merrily;
Come, boys and girls, away.

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CHO.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-School, The Sabbath-School, the Sabbath-School; Yes, away to the Sabbath-School, The blessed Sabbath-School.

When the spring buds are opening,
To the school you repair;
When the summer flow'rs blossoming.
Oh, you love to be there;
Like the bright and the beautiful,
Love to honor God's day;
Come with hearts warm and dutiful,
Come, boys and girls, away.
Cho.—Yes, away. &c.

Oh, the same friends will meet you there.
And around you will cling;
And the same songs will greet you there,
That you sang in the spring;

And the same truth address you there,
And if you will obey;
The dear Saviour will bless you there;
Then, boys and girls, away.
CHO.—Yes, away, &c.

## GENTLE SHEPHERD. [99]

Far from the fold of Jesus, I, a wayward child,

Like a straying lamb, had wandered into deserts wild;

But the Gentle Shepherd sought me, Won me by his charms;

Safe away from danger bro't me, In his loving arms.

CHO.—Praise Jesus, Gentle Shepherd,
Saviour, loving, mild;
Jesus' name is sweetest music
To the Christian child.

To his bosom close he pressed me, Pardoned all my sin, Led me by the stillest waters,

Into pastures green.

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Now all day I'm glad and joyful, Happy in his love;

All the night my rest is peaceful, Guarded from above.

Сно.—Praise Jesus, &с.

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He shall be my guide;
No allurement shall entice me
From my Shepherd's side.
By and by, from earth's temptations,
He will give me rest,
And in heaven's greener pastures
Make me ever blest.
CHO.—Praise Jesus, &c.

# THERE'S A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.—[100]

I know there's a crown for the saints of renown,

And for saints whose good deeds are unsung;

But oh say, is it true, if their days are but few,

That a crown is laid up for the young? CHO.—Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young;

If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love,

I know there's a crown for the young.

The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,
And the song of salvation shall sing;

And the infant of days strike its harp in in the praise
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.

CHO.—Yes, yes, &c.

The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,

Both the man and the youth and the child.

If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust

Shall be crowned in the land undefiled. CHO.—Yes, yes, &c.

The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,
Is more precious than tongue can express;
And redeemed by the blood that on Calvary flowed.

It shall shine in the region of bliss.

сно.—Yes, yes, &c.

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Then be it your care for that world to prepare;

Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours;

Never tire in the road that leads upward to God,

For the crown is for him who endures-Cho.—Yes, yes, &c.

#### GLORY BE TO GOD. [101]

There's a song the angels sing,
And its notes with raptures ring,
Round the throne whose radiance fills the
the heavens above;

Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching o'er Judea's plain,

Glory, glory, glory be to God, glory, glory, glory be to God, to men, to men be peace and love,

Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the anthem ever fly,

Peace on earth, good will to men, and glory be to God, glory be to God, to God on high.

Glory be to God, glory, glory be to God, Peace on earth, good will to men, and glory be to God, to God on high, Amen.

#### PHILLIPS.

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Jesus, Saviour, hear my call;
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou my life, my hope, mg all,
Lord, abide with me.

Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from thee,
Lead me by thy gentle hand,
Lord, abide with me.

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Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free,
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

Fill me with thy love divine, Consecrate my life to thee, Bend my stubborn will to thine, Lord, abide with me.

When the shades of death prevail, Father, let me cling to thee; When I pass the gloomy vale, Still abide with me.

Then, O then, my raptured soul Heaven's eternal rest shall see; There, while endless ages roll, Live and reign with thee.

# CEANT. O COME, LET US SING.—[104]

O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; | Let us heartily rejoice in the... | strength of | our sal- | vation. Let us come before his presence | with thanks | giving, | And show ourselves - | glad in | him with

psalms.

For the Lord is a | great— | Gcd; And a great | King a- | bove all | gods. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;

And the strength of the | hills is | his-| also.

The sea is his, | and he | made it; And his hands pre- | par-ed—the | dry.. | land.

O come, let us worship | and fall | down, And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

For he is the | Lord our | God;

And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty..of | holiness;

Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;

And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth. Glory And As it

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Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever | shall be,

World | without | end. A- | men.

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#### THE ROSE OF SHARON. [105]

There is a Rose whose beauties grace
The garden where it grows;
In lowly hearts it finds a place,
Tis Sharon's lovely Rose.
CHO.—Beautiful Rose, beautiful Rose,
Rose of Sharon, beautiful Rose,
Rose of Sharon, beautiful Rose.

Unchanged by time, it never dies,
Its beauties ne'er depart;
And not a thorn this Rose supplies,
To pierce its home, the heart.
Сно.—Beautiful Rose, &c.

Tho' in this wilderness forlorn,
This lovely Rose was found,
Before the morning stars were born,
It bloomed on heavenly ground.
Сно.—Beautiful Rose, &c.

Its fragrance filled the heavenly plains, And all the sons of earth May prove the virtue it contains, And sing its wondrous worth. Сно.—Beautiful Rose, &с.

In regions parched by burning heat, Or chilled by polar snows, The Rose of Sharon we may meet, For Jesus is that Rose. Сно.—Веаutiful Rose, &с.

# THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD. [106]

There's beauty in the sunshine. There's beauty in the showers. There's beauty in the wildwood, There's beauty in the flowers: The valley and the mountain. The ocean and the plain, In beauty robed, entrance the heart, And ev'ry sense enchain. CHO.—Beautiful world, beautiful world. beautiful, beautiful world; Beautiful world, beautiful world. But there's a world above us More beautiful and pure. Where all that's bright and lovely Forever shall endure: No angry storms assail it, No blast nor sickly blight,

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No chilling winds, no burning heats, No dark and dreary night. Сно.—Beautiful world, &с.

We weep, for here we languish, But there's no sorrow there; The eye that fondly gazes Shall never shed the tear: No pangs of sad bereavement Shall pierce the mourner's heart, No grassy grave shall mar the ground,

No death shall hurl the dart. Сно.—Beautiful world, &c.

#### THE SHINING WAY. T107

The pearly gates are open wide,

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rld.

I see the bright array; On either side the angels glide,

To keep the shining way. Where Christ's redeemed in union walk

The shining way of God. And Zion's children learn to find The way by angels trod.

When storms arise, and darkness clouds

The faithful pilgrim's way, The angels ... de on either side,

To drive the clouds away.

And brighter gleams the morning light Behind the gentle rod;

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For Christ's redeemed more clearly see The shining way of God.

And soon they walk the golden streets,— Not slighted and alone,

On either side the angels glide, To lead them to the throne.

And there they wear a starry crown, While mortals tire and plod;

For Christ's redeemed are kings who praise The shining way of God.

WE'RE GOING HOME. [108]

Youthful pilgrims, whither bound, Thro' this vale so fearful? Passing o'er enchanted ground, Why are you so cheerful?

CHO.—Oh, we're going, going home to our happy, happy home,
To the city of our Saviour King,
Where the golden crown they wear,
and the palm of vict'ry bear,
And they strike the golden harps as

Tell us why, when pleasure woos, You will not believe her? Tell us why the heart you close, On the gay deceiver? Сно—Oh, we're going, &c.

they sing.

When from ambush Satan's dart
Wounds the pilgrim weary,
Where's the balm to ease the smart,
In the desert dreary?
Сно.—Оh, we're going, &c.
But the deep, cold river see,
Pilgrims, just before you;
What will then your solace be
When its waves roll o'er you?
Сно.—Оh, we're going, &c.
Pilgrims of the Saviour King,
Earth's temptations scorning,
We will join your band and sing
In life's sunny morning.
Сно.—Оh, we're going, &c.

GUIDE US, SAVIOUR. [109]
God has said, "For ever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth,
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
Guide us Saviour,
Guide us Saviour,
In the narrow way of trnth.

Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness;
Nearer to our Saviour's side.

Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us, While we thus in thee abide. May thy watchful angels hover Round us when there's evil near: May we hide beneath the cover Of thy wings, in time of fear; And in sorrew, And in sorrow, Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer. And when death at last o'ertakes us, And we sink beneath his might. May that blessed morn awake us, Safe in yonder realms of light; There forever, There forever. Chant thy praise with angels bright.

THE LOVELY LAND. [110]
There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
Tho.—Oh the land, the lovely land,
The land over Jordan's foam;
On the golden strand wait the happy, happy band,
To welcome the ransomed home.

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Shall When So There everlasting spring abides,
And never with ring flow rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
Cho.—Oh the land, &c.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Cho.—Oh the land, &c.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.
Cho.—Oh the land, &c.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.
CHO.—Ob the land, &c.

#### SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.—[111]

Shall we meet beyond the river.

Where the surges cease to roll,

Where, in all the bright for ever,

Sorrow ne'er, shall press the soul?

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ne.

Chorus—Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the anchor, By the fair celestial shore?—Cho.

Where the music of the ransomed, Rolls in harmony around, And creation swells the chorus, With its sweet melodious sound.--Cno.

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace;
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face.—Cho.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne—CHO.

DO WHAT YOU CAN. [112]

Jon't think there is nothing for children to do,

Because they can't work like a man;

The harvest is great and the laborers few

ren do all that you can.

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And But eve CHO.—Children, do all that you can: Children do all that you can: The harvest is great and the laborers \*w: Then children do all that you can. You think if great riches you had at command. Your zeal should no weariness know; You'd scatter your wealth with a liberal hand. And succor the children of woe.—CHO. But what if you've nought but a penny to give? Then give it though scanty your store; For those who give nothing when little they have, When wealthy will do little more.—CHO. It was not the off'ring of pomp and of power, It was not the golden bequest-Ah, no, 'twas the mite from the hand of the poor That Jesus applauded and blessed-CHO. Then don't be a sluggard and live at your case, And life with vain pleasures beguile; But ever be active and busy as bees, And God on your labors will smile-CHO.

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PILGRIM STRANGER. [113]

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Whither go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing thro' this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Travelling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a guide,
O! I'm bound, &c.

Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O! I'm bound, &c.

Yes, unseen; but still, believe me, Such a Guide my steps attend; He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me, He will guide me to the end; 'For I'm bound, &c.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boist'rous waves roll o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound, &c.

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No! that stream hath nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge, 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound, &c.

# TEACHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.—[114]

Teacher, watch the little feet
Walking through the meadows fair,
Wand'ring through the crowded street,
Searcely heard or noticed there,
Never count the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Teacher, watch them while you may

Teacher, watch the little hands
Busy, busy, all the day,
Making forts with straws and sands,
Plucking roses by the way,
Never deem the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little hands hereafter may,
Nations and their hist'ry sway.

Teacher, watch the little lips,
Lisping sweet and pleasant words,
Sometimes their soft utt'rance trips,
Discord in the notes of birds.

Never deem the labor lost, Never heed the pains it cost, Little lips "sometimes proclaim Blessings in a Saviour's name." Spe

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Teacher, watch the little heart,
Pulsing here with hope and love,
Truthful lessons here impart,
Leading to our home above.
Never deem the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little hearts hereafter may
Control the children of to-day.

FLEE, AS A BIRD. [115]

Flee, as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin; Go to the clear flowing fountain,

Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th' avenger is near thee; Call, and the Saviour will hear thee, He on his bosom will bear thee.

O, thou who art weary of sin, O, thou who art weary of sin.

He will protect thee forever,
Wipe ev'ry sad, falling tear;
He will forsake thee, O, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste, then, the hours now are flying,

Spend not the moments in sighing, Cease from your sorrow and crying, The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear, The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.

### CHRIST ON THE MOUNT. [116]

Cor a unto Jesus, ye that mourn,
Our blessed Saviour said;
His promises, how sure they are,
"Ye shall be comforted."
Cho.—This promise, on that sacred mount,
Was given by our Lord;
"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward."

Ye poor in spirit, unto you

How great the blessings given;

His choicest promises are yours,

"Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n."

Сно.—This promise, &c.

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n;

The meek, and they for Jesus' sake,
Who persecutions bear;
He promises a heavenly home,
A crown of glory there.
Сно.—This promise, &c.

Be merciful, for unto such
He spares his chastening rod;
Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,
The pure shall dwell with God.—

#### THE INQUIRY.

[117]

How can I be a happy child
Where waves of trouble roll,
And drink of pleasures undefiled
That satisfy the soul?
For all within and all around

For all within and all around
Is doomed to droop and die;
Then where shall happiness be found,
And who the want supply?

CHO.—'Tis found in Jesus: yes, 'twas he With blood the blessing bought: 'Twas dear to him, 'tis free to me; It costs the sinner naught.

How can I be a holy child,
And shun the downward road,
Where Satan reigns and sin has spoiled
The noblest work of God?

How shall I tread enchanted ground,
And keep my garments white;
And where shall conqu'ring grace be
found,

And armor for the fight?—CHO.

How can I be a useful child,
And feel for others' woes,
And make the desert drear and wild
To blossom as the rose?
I'll pray and toil and do my part,
And ne'er to slumber yield:

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But where's the strength to keep my heart
From fainting on the field?—Cho

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# SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.—[118]

Jesus said, Jesus said, Suffer little children,

Suffer little children to come unto me, to come unto me:

Jesus said, Jesus said,

Suffer little children to come unto me, to come unto me, and forbid them not, and forbid them not,

For of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.

Amen, Amen.

### WHITE ROBES.

[119]

Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?

Cно.—They have clean robes, white robes,
White robes are waiting for me!
Yes, clean robes, white robes,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

These thro' fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.—Cho.

Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in ev'ry hand,

Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.—Cho.

Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.—Сно.

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# SABBATH-SCHOOL BELLS, CHIME ON.—[120]

We leave the world of care,
To greet one day in seven;
To join in praise and prayer,
And learn the way to heaven;
The Sabbath bells invite us all,
Faint emblem of God's holy call.
Cho.—Chime on, chime on,
sweet bells, your cheerful ring

Shall tune our lips God's praise to sing.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on. Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

We leave our books and play,
To read that "Book Divine;"
There we are taught the way
To joys that n'er decline;
The music of those Sabbath bells,
How sweetly on the ear it swells!
Cho.—Chime on, loved bells, your welcome ring
Shall tune our hearts God's praise to sing.

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We leave our earthly home,
To seek that blest abode,
Where loved companions come
To lift their hearts to God;
List to the joyous sound that tells
The music of those Sabbath bells.
Cho.—Chime on, sweet bells, long may

your ring
Inspire our hearts God's praise to sing.

THE LION OF JUDAH. [122]
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree,
To open a fountain for singers like me;

His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows.

And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

CHO.—For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,

And give us the vict'ry again and again.

And when I was willing with all things to part,

He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;

So now I am joined with the conquering band,

Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

Сно.—For the Lion of Judah, &с.

Tho' round me the storms of adversity roll, And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,

In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss My hope rests secure on the blood of the cross.

Сно.—For the Lion, &c.

And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,

And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,

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Then, when heaven and earth shall be melt ing away, I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that

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CHO.—For the Lion of Judah, &c,

And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,

From fountain to fountain I then shall be

led;

I'll fall at his feet and his mercy adore, And sing of the blood of the cross evermore. CHO.—For the Lion of Judah, &c.

## HALLELUJAH! [123]

In the far better land of glory and light, The ransomed are singing in garments of white,

The harpers are harping, and all the bright train

Sing the song of redemption—" The Lamb that was slain."

Сно.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, Hallelujah to the Lamb, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days.

And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain

Of glory eternal to Him that was slain. CHo.—Hallelujah, &c.

Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,

Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?

Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine car we will gain

With the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

Сно.—Hallelujah, &с.

Now, children and teachers and friends. all unite

In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;

To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain, The song of repemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

Сно.—Hallelujah, &с.

LOOK ABOVE. [124]

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale

Are around and above,

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If thy footing should fail,

If thine eye should grow dim, and thy
caution depart,

"Look above" and be firm, and be fearless of heart,

"Look above" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

In the friends who embraced in prosperity's
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With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds are arrayed.

"Look above" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbrow, but brighten to fly,

Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,

"Look above" to the sun that is never to set.

Should those who are nearest and dearest thy heart—

Thy friends and companions—in sorrow depart,

Turn away from the darkness and dust of the tomb,

"Look above" where "affection is ever in

And ! when death comes in his terrors, to cast

His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,

"Look above" to thy Saviour, fear not to depart.

### PARTING HYMN. [125]

Please to watch us, blessed Saviour, As we leave our Sabbath home, Guide and keep us from all danger, Till again to thee we come.

Сно.—Tho' we very often wander
In the path of vice and sin;

Yet we pray that thou woulds't hear us, Cleanse and make us pure within.

Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."

CHO.—Thus we'd served thee, blessed Saviour.

Till we've crossed life's stormy sea.

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And with each loved friend and teacher, All are gathered home to thee.

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# LET US WORK FOR THE SCHOOL. [126]

Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands;

Let it never, no, never decline;

For its praises are sung by the good in all lands

That are blest with the gospel divine. Сно.—Rally then, rally then, stand by the school;

Why should it languish and die?

Rally then, rally then, stand by the school; Why should it languish and die?

'Tis perfumed by the pray'rs, 'tis bedewed by the tears

Of the holy, the active, the true;

They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mournat its fears,

When its friends were but feeble and few. Сно.—Rally then, &c.

Now the sunshine of favor illumines its path,

And the church spreads above it her wing;

'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,

And a gem in the crown of her King, CHO.—Rally then, &c.

There are thousands now singing and shining above,

There are thousands now toiling below, Who are melted and won by Immanuel's love.

As they heard in the school of his woe. Cho.—Rally then, &c.

#### JOYFULLY.

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Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends, fondly cherished have passed on before;

Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;

Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home. Sound Harps Rings

Joyful.

Death, Strike, Jesus l Joyfull Bright Death

Joyfull Joyfull

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Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear, Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

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Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low:
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone:

Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom, Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

HOLY ANGELS, SONS OF GLORY.

Holy angels, sons of glory,
Clothed in robes of light divine,
They repeat the wondrous story
Of a God for sinners slain,
And adore the great I am.
Cho.—Singing glory, glory, glory, glory,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah to the Lamb, Hallelujah to the Lamb.

On their wings of gladness soaring, Angels do their Lord's behests, Ever loving and adoring,
Thro' the regions of the blest;
Thus they swell the heavenly theme.
Сно.—Singing glory, &c.

Saints and martyrs, faint and weary,
With long wanderings here on earth;
Pilgrims, prophets, aged, hoary,

Heirs of heav'n thro' the new birth; And exalt the Saviour's name.

Сно.—Singing glory, &c.

Children, who were meek and lowly
Followers of their Master here,
Seeking, like him, to be holy,
Now arrayed in beauty there,
Catch the pure seraphic flame.
CHO.—Singing glory, &c.

Millions more on earth remaining,
Precious lambs of Christ's wide fold,
Who the pearl of price obtaining,
Shall their Jesus' face behold,
And his boundless love proclaim.

Сно.—Singing glory, &с.

Little children, Christ has bought you,
Bought you with his precious blood;
Give him, then, your hearts and lives, too,
Joined in loving brotherhood,
To extol his blessed name.
CHO.—Singing glory, &c.

## O'ER THE FLOWING RIVER. [129]

O'er the flowing river, Little children stand. Free from sin for ever, Happy in that land. Fairer than the summer flow'r Is every holy one, Singing, shining evermore, With glory but begun.

Once their eyes were streaming With the tears of woe; Now with rapture beaming, Not a tear they know: Crowns of glory now they wear, And ever as they rove, O'er the tuneful harps they bear Their skilful fingers move.

'Twas Immanuel sought them. Straying from the fold; With a price he bought them. Dearer far than gold; Not the treasures of the mine. Not bleating flocks he gave: Blood he shed,—'twas blood divine, To sanctify and save. Little saints in glory,

Guilty though I be,

I have learned the story,
"Jesus died for me,"
Ransomed by his blood divine,
My Saviour I will love;
Bear his cross, then rise and join
Your shining band above.

# WE WONT GIVE UP THE BIBLE. [180]

We wont give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er ev'ry dreary road,
The voice which speaks a Saviour's
love,

And leads us home to God.

Cho.—We wont give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The guide of early youth.

We wont give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From perishing in hell.

And it alone can tell us how

We can have hopes of heav'n,

That thro' the Saviour's precious love

Our sins may be forgiv'n.—Cho.

We wont give up the Bible.

We wont give up the Bible,
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, tho' young
Withstand each treach'rous art,
And that from God's own sacred work
We'll never, never part, Cho.

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JESUS LOVES ME. [131]

Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak but he is strong.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash away my sin, Let his little child come in, CHO.—Yes, Jesus, &c. Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
CHO.—Yes, Jesus, &c.
Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

PRECIOUS SAVIOUR OF SALVA-TION,—[132]

Сно

Сно.—Yes, Jesus, &c.

Precious Saviour of salvation,
We, this festal day, would sing,
And would make our celebration,
With our Saviour's praises ring.
'Tis thy mercy that hath led us,
To the Sabbath-school we love,
And our teachers there have fed us,
With the manna from above.

Precious Saviour! 'tis thy blessing,
Cheers us in the morn of life;
Helps us onward to be pressing,
'Mid earth's sorrows and its strife.
Guards from fascinating pleasures,
That would lead our feet astray:

Sets before us heavenly treasures, While we walk the narrow way. Precious Saviour! we adore thee,
For thy many mercies shown;
Let our praises come before thee,
Find acceptance at thy throne;
Thus our songs, to heaven ascending,
Join with those of saints above,
And, with angel-voices blending,
Celebrate redeeming love.

THE ANGELS SING. [183]

Come ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in the song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
Cho.—The angels sing in their happy
home,
The angels sing in their happy
home,
The angels sing in their happy
home,
And we will join them here.

VA-

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavn'ly King
May speak their joys abroad.—CHO.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.—CHO.

Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry;

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.—CHO.

#### ( HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.—[184]

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast."

H

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;

I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give

The living water; thirsty one Stoop down, and drink and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found In him, my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

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#### WE ARE GOING

[135]

We are going, going, going
To a land where all is light;
Where are flowing, flowing, flowing,
Living waters, pure and bright,
Here we learn redemption's story,
Here we seek our Saviour's grace;
There we shall behold his glory,
Worshiping before his face.

We are singing, singing, singing
As we joyful pass along;
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing
Of our glad triumphant song,
Happiness our hearts is swelling
As we ever upward tend,
And we cannot cease from telling
Of our precious heavenly friend.

We are praying, praying, praying For the sinners all around, Who are straying, straying, straying In a misery profound. We are longing to behold them Tread with us the heav'nly road; In our arms we would enfold them, As we journey home to God. Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting, Pace we on with prayer and song, Hasting to the meeting, meeting Of the blood-washed ransomed throng. Jesus, Saviour, leave us never, Help us faithful still to prove; Then at home with thee forever, May we gathered be above.

#### MORN.

[136]

Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,

And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hung out for thee.
Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee;
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

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Moth Shall Tossed on the dark, proud waves of ocean,
Calmly composed, undaunted be;
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion,
Thy God doth still remember thee,
Arise, &c.

Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
And the wild sea storm's rage is o'er,
List to the heavenly hosts now cheering;
See! in what throngs they range the
shore.
Arise, &c.

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9;

Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noon tide ray;
The starry crown in realms of glory,
Invites thy happy soul away.
Away, away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne.
Arise, &c.

THE BETTER LAND. [137]

I hear thee speak of the better land, Thou callest its children a happy band; Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flow'er of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?

Not there! not there! not there! My child, not there! not there!

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on the starry
wings

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things? Not there, &c.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
And the burning rays of the rubies shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl glows forth from the coral
strand?

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land? Not there, &c.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its song of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time may not breathe on its fadeless
bloom,

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Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb.

'Tis there! 'tis there! 'tis there! My child, 'tis there! 'tis there!

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## GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to day;
Another year's rich mercies prove
His ceaseless care and boundless love;
So let our loudest voices raise
Our Anniversary song of praise.
Cho.—Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!
God on high.

Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
The song that woke the glorious morn
When David's greater Son was borne,
Sung by an heavenly host, and we
Would join th' angelic company.—Cro.

Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day,
And while we with the angels sing;
Gifts with the wise men let us bring
Unto the babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to him.—CHO

Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day.
O may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng,
Of his redeemed ones, join the song.—Cho

## GLORY TO THE MIGHTY ONE. [139]

Cling to the mighty one,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the holy one,
He gives relief;
Cling to the gracious one,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the faithful one,
He will sustain.

Cling to the loving one,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the changeless one,
Through all below;

Cling to the pardoning one.

He speaketh peace;
Cling to the healing one,
Anguish will cease.

Cling to the bleeding one,
Cling to his side;
Cling to the risen one,
In him abide;
Cling to the coming one,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the reigning one,
Joy lights thine eyes.

### THE LAND OF BEAUTY.

There is a world of beauty,
A land where all is bright,
A land of holiness and love,
And Jesus is the light;
There is a fountain flowing,
Fast by the golden throne,
And myriad angels singing
Their praise to God alone.

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Cno.—Up in that land of beauty,
That land so bright and fair
May we all meet our Saviour,
And in his glory share.

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There sunshine ever lingers,
And flow'rs the sweetest bloom.
Its sons ne'er hear of sadness,
Nor ever fear the tomb.
That land it is so holy,
That land it is so fair,
And Christ hath said, the weary
Shall find a haven there.
CHO.—Up in that land, &c.

And there are little children,
Yes, some as small as I;
O would I go to heaven,
If I this day should die?
I'd like to be an angel,
And wear a robe so white,
And dwell with Christ for ever
In that blest land of light.
Сно.—Up in that land, &c.

#### BELOVED.

[141]

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,

My hope, my salvation, my all.

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Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,

To feed in the pasture of love?

For why in the valley of death should I weep,

Or alone in the wilderness rove?

O, why should I wander, an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows

they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen

The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

He looks, and ten thousands of angels re joice,

And myriads wait for his word;

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He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice.

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER. [142]

Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel-feet have trod; With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Ino.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Сно.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Сно.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

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SORROW IS O'ER. [143]

What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing toars?

What are all the sorrows I deplore?
There's a song ever swelling, still lingers

on my ears,

"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more." Сно.—'Tis a song from the home of the weary:

"Sorrow, sorrow is for ever o'er:

Happy now, ever happy on Canaan's peaceful shore.

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;

I desire not this world's gilded store: There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day,

"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."
CHO.—'Tis a song, &c.

'Tis a note that is wafted across the sroubled wave;

'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore; Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:

"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

Сно.—'Tis a song, &c.

'Tis the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,

Where the conflict and the strife are o'er; When the saved ones forever in joyour notes prolong,

"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more." CHO.—'Tis a song, &c.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN. [144]

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more should die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

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A LAND WITHOUT A STORM. [145]

Boys. Traveller, whither art thou going, Heedless of the clouds that form?

Girls. Nought to me the wind's rough blowing,

Mine's a land without a storm.

Cho.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms,
And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To the land that has no storms.

Boys. Traveller, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power?

Girls. I have not a tho't of danger.

Tho' the sky more darkly lower.

CHO.—And I'm going, &c.

Boys. Traveller, now a moment linger, Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Guiding to a far-off shore.

Сно.—And I'm going, &c.

Boys. Traveller, yonder narrow portal,
Opens to receive thy form,

Girls. Yes I but I shall be immortal In that land without a storm.

Сно.—And I'm going, &c.

## ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN. [146]

We're a happy band of scholars,
On the road, on the road,
We're a happy band of scholars,
On the road to heaven.

We will count our labors nothing
If we gain that blissful shore;
There we'll join the songs of angels.
Singing evermore.

Сно.—We're on the road, we're on the road.

Come join our happy band, Tho' small the gate, the way is straight To Zion's happy land.

Parents, teachers, they are with us, On the road, on the road, With a host that can't be numbered, On the road to heav'n.

While we raise our tuneful numbers
With this happy Sabbath throng,
Let each heart and voice uniting,

Swell the joyous song. CHO.—We're on the road, &c.

We're a happy band of scholars,
On the road, on the road,
We're a happy band of scholars,
On the road to heav'n.

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We will count our labors nothing
If we gain that blissful shore,
There we'll join the songs of angels,
Singing evermore.
Сно.—On the road, &c.

## WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT. [147]

This life is a battle between Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the victory to win; And Christ is the Captain of our little band, Whatever opposes, for him we shall stand. Cho.—We will stand for the right,

We will stand for the right, We will stand, we will stand for the right.

We will, &c.

is

To God for our armor we fail not to go, He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;

The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend.

The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.—CHO.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword, Though wily our foes, we're strong in the Lord; While watching and praying our armor keeps bright.

Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—Cho.

Though little temptations, the worst ones of all.

Will often beset us, and cause us to fall; We'll stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,

For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—Cno.

### THE CRYSTAL SEA. [148]

Sweet must it be to dwell secure From simple stain, from the timpure, No wand'ring footstep to retrace, No mourning for the Saviour's face; Cho.—And this our happy lot shall be,

When we have reached the crystal sea, When we have reached, Have reached the crystal sea.

How oft the struggling spirit tries
For blest communion with the skies;
How oft we pray that we may bear
Christ's perfect image, even here;
CHO.—And O, like Jesus we shall be,
When we have, &c.

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## KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE. [149]

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast.
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go through all years and climes
The heart to cheer.
Cho.—Kind words can never die,

Never die, never die,
Kind words can never die,
Kind words can never die,
No, never die.

Childhood can never die,
Wrecks of the past,
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.

CHO.—Childhood can never die.

Never die, never die,

Childhood can never die,

No, never die.

Our souls can never die, Though in the t mb We may all have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.
Сно.—Our souls can never die,
Never die, never die,
Our souls can never die,
No, never die

In the Christian's home in glory,

REST FOR THE WEARY. [150]

There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

Clo.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy happy land.—Cho.

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Death
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Pain for sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial centre, I a crown of life shall wear. Cho.—There is rest, &c.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,

You shall find an entrance through. Cho.—There is rest, &c.

## NEVER GIVE UP. [151]

Hast thou just begun to pray?

Never, never, never give up;
Press along the heavenly way,
Never, never, never give up;
Though an edict may be passed,
Thou shalt be to lions cast,
Hold thou thy profession fast;
Never, never, never give up.

Follow those who've gone before, Never, never, never give up; Who have reached the deathless shore;
Never, never, never give ap;
From their lofty seats on high,
Far beyond the starry sky;
With united voice they cry;
Never, never, never give up.
Think of those blest men of faith,
Never, never, never give up;
Who resisted unto death;
Never, never, never give up;
With what fortitude they died;
"None but Christ," the martyrs cried,
Ours is yet the strongest side;
Never, never, never give up.

## SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER. [152]

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges ne'er shall roll,
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Coda—Shall me meet, shall we meet,
shall we meet?

Shall we meet be youd the river.
Where the surges ne'er shall re's?
Shall we meet in that blest harbor

Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy verage is o'er? Shall By Cona— Shall

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There An Shall we meet and cast our anchor.

By the fair, celestial shore?

Coda—Shall we, &c.

Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine.
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Coda—Shall we, &c.

Where the music of the ransomed,
Rolls its harmony around;
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet, melodious sound.
Coda—Shall we, &c.

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et,

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Coda—Shall we, &c.

YES, WE'LL MEET. [153]

Yes, we'll meet beyond the river When our conflicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the blest forever, On that bright, celestial shore.

Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions, Where our wand'rings all shall cease; There we'll meet our dear companions, And be crowned with perfect peace. Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortai. Sweeter far than rest can be; And before the throne eternal, All our earthly triumphs see.

We shall meet where all is onward, Every change new glories bring; And the host still moving forward, Glorify our heav'nly King.

We shall meet, O, weary brother,
When the burden we lay down;
We shall change our cross of anguish,
For a bright, unfading crown.

# VERY LITTLE THINGS ARE WE. [153]

Very little things are we,
O how mild we all should be;
Never quarrel, never fight,
That would be a shocking sight.
Just like pretty little Lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams;
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn and cease to play.
We will love our teachers too,
And be always kind and true;
And attend to every rule,
Of our much-loved Sunday-School.

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0, if my Twill THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK, [154]

O. if my house is built upon a rock.

I know it will stand forever;

The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock

May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock,

But it never will fall, never will fall, never, never, never.

Сно.—My rock is firm, it is my sure foundation,

'Tis Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,

Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour, The rock of my salvation, The rock of my salvation.

For He whose word is lasting as the hills, Whose truth is unchanging ever,

Hath said my house on the solid rock shali stand.

He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of his hand,

And it never will fall, never will fall, never, never, never.

Сно.—Му rock, &c.

O, if my house is built upon the sand, Twill fall when the floods are swelling; The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,

And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,

And it surely will fall, never to rise, never, never, never.

Сно.—Му госк, &с.

Then let my house be built upon a rock, For there it will stand forever;

The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock

May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock,

But it never will fall, never will fall, never, never, never.

Сно. - Му госк, &с.

### 4 OFFER THEE THIS HEART OF MINE.—[155]

I offer thee this heart of mine,
O God of holiness,
No love can be as pure as thine,
No other love can bless.
My bosom swells with love for thee
Great Fount of sweetest joy,
I'd rather bear thy cross than be
A king, the throne my toy.

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On earth there is no nappiness,
No one, like thee, to love,
No hand, like thine, has pow'r to bless,
Out-reached from heaven above.
And oh! when death's cold cup I drink,
Tho' but a child I be,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think,
It brings me near to thee.

# HOSANNA TO THE LAMB OF GOD [156]

Come, O my soul, in joyous lays Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise: But O what tongue can speak his fame, What verse can reach the lofty theme? Glory, glory let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring. Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna to the Lamb of God. Glory, glory, let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring. Hosanna! hosanna! Hosanna to the Lamb of God. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around thee shine. Glory, &c.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ my tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.
Glory, &c.

#### LISCHER. H. M.

[157]

Welcome, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind retura;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From low delights and trifling toys
I soar to reach immortal joys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King ascend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face; Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Reveal a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,

Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

# CLINGING TO THE ROCK. [158]

When the tempest rages high,
Sailing on life's boist'rous sea;
Stormy billows I defy;
If I then may only be,
Anchored to the Rock,
Anchored to the Rock,
Shelter for me ever.
Strength that faileth never.
When the storms of life are o'er,
Look for me on Canaan's shore,
Clinging to the Rock.

When mid drifting wrecks I'm cast,
Darkness settling thickly round;
Hope shall lift her head at last;
If I then be only found,
Clinging to the Rock,
Clinging to the Rock,
Shelter, &c.

When the conquiring waves shall come,
Proudly ofer me as I die;
Over these brief victor foes,
I shall triumph while I cry
Clinging, &c.

# COME, YOUTHFUL PILGRIMS, COME.—[159]

Come, youthful pilgrims, come, haste to the Saviour,

Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side.

Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favor, Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

Сно.—Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favor,

Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above.

Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing

Earth hath no sorrows, but heaven can remove.—Cho.—Kneel, &c.

Father in heaven, here, we bow before thee,

Look down in mercy, lend a list'ning ear. Pardon we humbly ask, while we adore thee.

Wilt thou not listen, and answer our pray'r.—Cho.—Kneel, &c.

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THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM. [160]

O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream,

That flows through our Father's land?

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,

And ripple o'er golden sand.

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CHO.—O, seek that beautiful stream;
Seek now that beautiful stream;
Its waters so free, are flowing for
thee,
O seek that beautiful stream.

With murmuring sound doth it wander along,

Thre' fields of eternal green;

Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,

Float soft on the air serene.—CHo.

Its fountains are deep and its waters are pure,

And sweet to the weary soul;

It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone to Oh, come where its bright waves roll. CHO.

This beautiful stream is the River of Life I It flows for all nations, free I

A balm for each wound in its water is found;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!—Cho.

Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?

The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones home,

And wander in sin no more.—CHO.

#### JESUS IS MINE.

[161]

Why should I be sad or fearful?

Jesus is mine:

Why should ever with griof he too

Why should eyes with grief be tearful?

Jesus is mine:

Now, his gracious work completed, He above all power is seated, And by hosts in glory greeted; Jesus is mine!

Mine from danger to protect me, Jesus is mine:

From my wand'rings to correct me, Jesus is mine:

Mine to fill my soul with pleasure,
Mine, a priceless, peerless treasure,
Mine e'en now, and mine forever;
Jesus is mine!

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Mine through life's tempestuous journey, Jesus is mine:

What tho' it be rough and stormy:
Jesus is mine:

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61]

Now he spreads his banner o'er me, Sets the "blessed hope" before me, Of his coming soon in glory; Jesus is mine!

Till that day I'd fain be telling,

Jesus is mine:
On his love be ever dwelling;

Jesus is mine:
Thus I'd wait his blest appearing,
His own voice my spirit cheering,
Till I sing, the palm-branch bearing,

Jesus is mine!

# OH, SO BRIGHT! [162]

There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

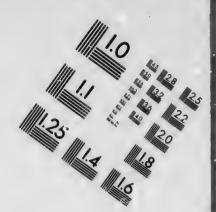
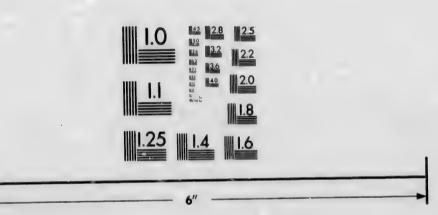


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No clouds e'er pass along the sky,
Happy land! Happy land!
No tear drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land! Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land! Happy land!

Tho' we are sinners, every one,
Jesus died! Jesus died!

And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died! Jesus ded!

We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign;
Jesus died! Jesus died!

Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!

We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away!

Oh, come, the time is gliding past,
And men and things are fleeting fast,
Our turn will surely come at last;
Come away! come away!

# COME TO THE FOUNTAIN. [163]

O come, children come, to the fountain draw near.

Where the waters of life are flowing so clear, In Jesus 'tis opened, no longer delay,

O, come and accept him while yet 'tis today.

O, come, children come, O, come, children come,

O, come to the "Fountain" while yet 'tis to-day.

This fountain is flowing by night and by day,

'Twas opened for sinners; then keep not away;

Come, drink of it freely, 'tis freely bestowed,

The life giving fountain, the "river of God."

O, come, children come, &c.

From the deserts of sorrow and sin quickly flee.

To this fountain of life, whose waters are free;

It heals ev'ry sickness, it banishes pain, And whoever tastes it will ne'er thirst again.

O, come, children come, &c.

# THE BIBLE, SACRED BOOK DIVINE.

The Bible, sacred book divine,
By inspiration given!
All goodness, holiness entwine,
Around this gift from heaven.

CHo.—I love it, I love it, I love it,
I love it for its promises, so
rich, so freely given,
That offer light and life to all,
And happiness in heaven.

A gift by God divinely sent,
To guide our souls above;
An index of his kind intent,
A monument of love.

CHO.—I love it, I love it,
I love it for its glorious truths,
On ev'ry page displayed;
That doubting sinners here may
learn

What God himself hath said.

It tells us of a Saviour slain
For us on Calvary,

Who meekly bore our grief and pain, From sin to set us free.

CHO.—I love it, I love it, I love it,
I love it for the love revealed
By God to sinful man;

NE.

I love it for the promise sealed, Redemption's finished plan.

# HEAVENLY HOME.

Heavenly home! heavenly home! Precious name to me; I love to think the time will come When I shall rest in thee. I've no abiding city here; I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrimage be drear,

I know there's rest at home.

Heavenly home! heavenly home! There no clouds arise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim Thy ever smiling skies.

This earthly home is fair and bright. Yet clouds will often come; And oh, I long to see the light

That gilds my heavenly home.

Heavenly home! Heavenly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,

For all is peace at home.

I know I ne'er shall worthy be To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;

But Christ, my Saviour, died for me. And now he calls me home.

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SONG OF THE LILIES. [166]

Hark the lilies whisper
Tenderly and low,
"In our grace and beauty,
See how fair we grow;"
Thus our heavenly Father
Cares for all below.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field,
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

Hark, the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story,
Of the love of God,
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ the Lord.
The roses how they bloom!
The beautiful roses how they bloom!
Your Father, &c.

Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet,
Flow'rs of field and garden,
All their voices meet;
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.
They sing their Maker's praise,

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[166]

The beautiful flowers, how they sing! Your Father, &c.

Let us then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble,
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father, &c.

SCATTER SMILES AS YOU GO. [167]
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass
on your way,
Thro' this world of toil and care;
Like the beams of the morning that gently
play,

They will leave a sunlight there.
CHO—Scatter smiles, bright smiles,
Scatter smiles as you pass on
your way,
Scatter smiles, bright smiles,
Scatter smiles, bright smiles.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but little they cost;
But your heart may never know

loom !

What a joy they may carry to weary ones Who are pale with want and woe.—CHO.

Bcatter smiles, bright smiles o'er the grave of the past,

Where the orphan's treasure lies;

In the tear-drop that glistens there light will shine,

As the rain-bow paints the skies.—CHO.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the young who have strayed,

From the path where once they trod; You may lead them again to the fountain of truth,

You may bring them home to God.—CHO.

#### HOME.

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There is a a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

CHO.—We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And soon shall hear the trumpet sound:

And then we shall with Jesus reign, And never, never part again, ones

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What! never part again?
No, never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again:
And then we shall with Jesus reign.
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.—CHO.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,

So to the Jews old Caanan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.—CHO.

#### ON THE CROSS.

[169]

Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross,
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross,
Now hear his all important cry,
Eli, lama sabacthani;
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.

Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross,
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, While Jesus doth atonement make, While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the cross, on the cross.

Let all the children come and sing,
Of the cross, of the cross,
Parents and teachers come and sing,
To the cross, to the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross.

Where e'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross,
In nought my youthful heart shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me
On the cross, on the cross.

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THE CANADIAN BOAT HYMN. [170] Sweetly let's join our ev'ning pray'rs, And give to the wind all worldly cares; We'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea, We're sailing to eternity.

Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace, The haven of glory's our landing place; Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace, The haven of glory's our resting place.

Tho' dark's the night in which we sail, Our Pilot's on board, we cannot fail; The wind and waves His voice obeyed, And the great deep by Him was made. Blow, breezes, &c.

Faintly at times we pull the oar,
Yet every stroke brings nearer shore;
Cross winds, rough waves are in the way,
Pull strong the oar, and humbly pray.
Blow, breezes, &c.

Make, make the port, the tide runs high, Unfurl thy white streamers, the haven's nigh;

We'll sing to our friends the farewell hymn. Blow, breezes, &c.

And when the port of glory's gained,
And full redemption we have obtained,
With angels above Hozanna we'll sing,
To Immanuel Jesus, our Pilot and King.
Blow, breezes, &c.

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## HIGHER THAN I. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair. When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care; From the ends of the earth unto thee will Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, Higher than I, higher than I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. When Satan, my foe, dares come in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Saviour who meekly did die. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, Higher than I, higher than I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. And while as a stranger I sojourn below. All thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow: In affliction's dark night to thy throne let me fly, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, Higher than I, higher than I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

When thou, Lord, shalt close my frail pilgrimage here, In the likeness of Jesus then let me appear; In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely, Looking to the Rock that is higher than I, Higher than I, higher than I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

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And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,

When the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,

With the ransomed I'll praise him above yonder sky,
Fixed firm on the Rock that is higher than I

Higher than I, higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

### TEACHERS, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.—[172]

Teachers, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Children, o'er you mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star!
Teachers, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Children, yes; it brings the day:
Promised day of Israel.

CHORUS—Children, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Israel. Teachers, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Children, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Teachers, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Children, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth?
Chorus—Children, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Teachers, tell us of the night,
For the darkness seems to dawn.
Children, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Teacher, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Children, lo, the Prince of Feace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!
Cho.—Children, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

#### INFANT PRAISE.

[173]

Children of Jerusalem Sang the praise of Jesus' name; Children, too, in these, our days, Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark! hark! hark! while infant voice sing,

Hark! hark! hark! while infant voices sing

Loud hozannas, loud hozannas, Loud hozannas to our King.

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173]

We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said,
"Babes and sucklings artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise."
Hark! &c.

We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his word, We are taught the way to heav'n, Praise for all to God be given. Hark! &c.

Parents, teachers, old and young, All unite to swell the song; Higher and yet higher rise, Till hosannas reach the skies. Hark! &c.

# MARCHING ALONG. [174]

The children are gath'ring from near and from far,

The trumpet is sounding the call for war.

The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long.

We'll gird on our armour and he marching along.

Сно.—Marching along, we are marching along,

Gird on the armour and be marching along;

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The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,

Then gird on the armour and be marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,

But let us not waver, nor turn from the way,

The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song.

With courage and faith we are marching along.

Сно.—Marching along, &с.

We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,

With Christ as our Captain, we never will yield.

The "sword of the spirit," both trusty and strong,

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We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

CHO.—Marching along, &c.

Thro conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,

For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.

But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,

In trusting our Saviour while marching along.

Сно.—Marching along, &c.

# COME TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Come to the | house of | God, His | Sabbath | lights the | skies; Cast off each | weary | load,

Let | hymns of | praise a | rise.

The world hath | lost its | thrall,
'Tis the | day of | peace and | love,

And holy | duties | call
To the | Lord of | all a- | bove.

Come to the | house of | God, And | gladly | seek his | face; Bow to his | chast'ning | rod,

Bow to his | chast'ning | rod,

Ask | and re- | ceive his | grace.

His word and | will to | learn
Seek | him in | praise and | pray'r;
Then, wand'ring | pilgrim, | turn, |
"And | to his | courts re- | pair.

### LO! THE PROMISED DAY IS BREAKING,-[176]

Lo! the promised day is breaking,
See its glorious light appear,
Angel notes are softly stealing
On the morning's wakeful ear.
Hark! they float around and near us,
Holy strains of peace and love,
Falling on the list'ning spirit,
From the happy world above.
Chorus—Lo! Lo! the glorious light
appears.

Yes! the promised day is breaking,
Darkness, hatred reign no more,
For Immanuel comes to vanquish
Sin and death, and man restore.
Welcome, welcome, gracious Saviour,
Welcome, Kingdom of our God,
Dwell with us in pow'r and glory,
Make on earth thy blest abode.
Chorus—Lo! Lo! &c.

O the joy of his appearing,
Life divine his words impart,
And the strength he gives shall enter
Into every open heart.
Now the Queen of Christian graces,
Is by Him enthroned there,
Bovereign of the best and purest,
Brightest of the good and fair.
Chorus—Lo! lo! &c.

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GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.—[177]

Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.

Be their zeal in heav'n recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

Be that pray'r again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, tho' defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory,
God speed the right,
Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;

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Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding
God speed the right,
Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.

Treth, thy cause, whate'er delay it
There's no power on earth can stay it!
God speed the right,

# THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

[178]
May ev'ry year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her pow'r maintains;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right, and the
truth shall be,
When the might with the right, and the
truth shall be,
And come what there may,

To stand in the way,

That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Tho' humble efforts fail;
Oh, give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain, and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong;
But the day shall yet appear,
When, &c.

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The world will not regard;
To noble minds that duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view;
And the day will yet appear,
When, &c.

### AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN. [179]

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven;
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God
on high.

In flowing robes of spotless white See ev'ry one arrayed: Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade, Singing, &c.

What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,

Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there? Singing glory, &c.

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, &c.

PEACE, BE STILL.

[180]

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Once upon the heaving ocean
Rode a bark at ev'ning tide,
While the waves in wild commotion,
Dashed against the vessel's side.
Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow;
While the winds were all abroad,
Calmly slept the Son of God.

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[180]

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In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful ones awaked their Lord,
Jesus by his sovereign power,
Calmed the tempest with a word.
On life's dark and restless ocean,
'Mid the billow's wide commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there;
He will make you still his care.

Jesus knows your silent weeping,
When before his throne you bow;
Never, never is he sleeping,
Where he reigns in glory now.
If the world is dark before thee,
If the billows, rolling o'er thee,
All thy soul with terror fill,
Hear him, saying, "Peace, be still."

RALLY ROUND THE CROSS. [181]

Hark! the Gospel trumpet sounding,
Hear its echo far and wide;
Millions to the cross are flying,
Where the Saviour bled and died,
Come and join that noble army,
And our battle-cry shall be,
Rally round the cross of Jesus;
He has died to make us free.
Cho—Rally round the cross,
Rally round the cross;

Jesus died to make us free; Rally, rally round the cross.

Through his all-atoning merit,
We no more are slaves to sin;
By his grace we yet may conquer
Foes without and foes within.
Courage, let our hearts be valiant,
And our armor brightly shine;
Take the helmet of salvation,
Wield the sword of truth divine.
Cho.—Rally, &c.

See our glorious banner waving
O'er the Christian's battle-ground;
Faithful at our posts of duty,
Let us each and all be found.
See our glorious banner waving,
To its colors boldly stand;
Lolone "beacon" in the distance,
Pointing to the promised land.
Cho.—Rally, &c.

THE POLAR STAR

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Weary wanderer o'er the main,
Seeking for thy home again,
Through the gath'ring mists that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's light for thee,
Streaming o'er the turbid sea;

Softly it smiles, though distant far.

The beautiful polar star.

Stranger, on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy father land,
Through the gath'ring clouds that rise
Veiling thy natalskies;
Look beyond there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er a tranquil sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief;
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG. [183]

Do you know any little bare-foot boy,
In a garret or a cellar
Who shivers with cold, and whose garments old,
Will scarcely hold together?

Cно.—Go bring him in; there is room to spare;
Here are food, and shelter, and pity;
And we'll not shut the door 'gainst one of Christ's poor,
Tho' you bring every child in the city

Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching,
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's
storm;
The alms of the richer taking?

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The alms of the richer taking : Сно.—Go bring her in, &c.

Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the lots on Sunday,
And who's late at school, and who breaks
the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?
Сно.—Go bring him in, &c.

Go! gather them in from the tenement house,
And the merchant's stately palace;
From the world's dark strife, and the

heavenly life,
Let them drink from the golden chance
CHO.—Go bring them. So.

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'Tis the Master's work! there is none so low,

But his loving hand may reach them; And there's none so sunken in want and woe

But we'll joy to help and teach them. CHO.—Go bring them, &c

THE HAPPY HOME. [184.]

I am bound for the land of the living, O hinder me not on my way;

The sunlight is bright'ning before me That heralds eternity's day.

The flowers that bloom in my pathway
Breathe odors that waft me right on;

They lure me no longer to tarry,

But welcome earth's time to be gone. Cho.—There's a happy home beyond this

world of care;
A home above, where all is love,
And the good shall all meet there.

I am weaned from this land of the dying, Decay is enstamped everywhere;

Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting.

My soul has grown weak with its care.

The joy rays of life are remembered

Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain.

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The flesh and the spirit are weaving, Each striving the mastery to gain. CHO.—There's a happy, &c.

I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.
The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me.
Cho.—There's a happy, &c.

The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land?
CHO.—There's a happy, &c.

COME, CHILDREN, COME. [185]
Come, children, come, God bids you come;
Come and learn to sing the story
Of the Lord of life and glory;
Come, children come, come, children, come.

Come, children come, Christ bids you come;

Early seek his face and favor, Love and serve your blessed Saviour; Come, children come, come, children come.

Come, children come, the Spirit says come, Come with Zion's sons and daughters,

To the spring of living waters;

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Come, children come, come, children come.

Come, children come, make heaven your home;

Then, tho' earthly ties may sever, You may live with Christ forever! Come, children come, come, children come.

### THE GARDEN HYMN. [186]

The Lord into his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes, The lilies grow and thrive;

Refreshing showers of grace divine From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine, Which make the dead revive.

O, that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound,

A fruitful soil become:
The desert blossoms as the rose,
While Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that heav'n is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high:
It comes in floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing.
And make the upper regions ring
When all the saints get home;

Come on, come on, my brethren dear, Soon we shall meet together there, For Jesus bids us come.

Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my measion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

### RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY ABOVE.

There's many a poor little boy,
Whose father and mother are dead,
Whose heart is a stranger to joy,
No home save a hovel or shed.
Ono.—We care not how poor or rich he

may be,
Go bring him in, salvation is free;
His soul is a jewel, whose light by
and by.

May shine in your crown, like a star in the sky.

Go out in the hedges and find,
For Jesus has given the rule,
The halt, and the mained, and the blind,
Go, bring them all into the school.
Cho.—We care not. &c.

sing.

Go, bearing the ensign of love,
Its glories forever unfurled,
Recruit for the army above,
Your warrant embraces the world.
Сно.—We care not, &c.

COME, YE SINNERS. [188]

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r.
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name.
Glory, honor, and salvation,

Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall; You will never come at all.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prestrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear hlm cry before he dies.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, COME. [188]

Come, Holy | Spirit, | come!

Let | thy bright | beams a- | rise;

Dispel the sorrow | from our | mind,

The | darkness | from our | eyes.

Convince us | of our | sin,
Then | lead to | Jesus' | blood;
And to our inmost | soul re- | veal
The | wond'rous | love of | God.

'Tis thine to | cleanse the | heart, To | sancti- | fy the | soul, To pour fresh life in | ev'ry | part,

And | new cre- | ate the | whole.

Dwell, therefore, | in our | heart,

Our | mind from | bondage | free,
Then shall we know, and | praise, and | love
The | Father, | Son, and | Thee.

188]

## THE PRECIOUS SABBATH SCHOOL. [189]

All the week we spend,
Full of childish bliss,
Ev'ry changing scene
Brings its happiness,
Yet our joys would not be full,
Had we not the Sabbath School.

Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our infant hearts are full
Of the precious Sabbath School.

To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought,—
Gracious news and merciful;
How we love the Sabbath School.

Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Peaceful is the night
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.

LOVEST THOU ME? [1907 Lovest thou | me? | Mine ears attend. And all my powers of | being | blend | To hear the words from such a | friend | As | Jesus! Lovest thou | me? | Oh, thought most dear ! That one so vile as | I may | fear, | And draw with faith and boldness | a var. | This | Jesus ! Lovest thou | me? | Lovest thou me? Let me not dare con- | sent to | flee, | From this most earnest, tender | plea Of | Jesus ! Lovest thou | me? | Let pity melt my heart ! To think of all the | pains he | felt; How contradiction | sore was | dealt, | To Jesus! Lovest thou | me? | More than mother, More than father, | sister, | brother, | More on earth than | any | other, | Asks | Jesus. Lovest thou me? Yea, Lord, thou knowest. That I do love thee, even | to the | lowest, | By grace, I'll follow | where thou | goest, Dear Jesus

Shepherd Di- | vine, | Thou good and kind, Grant us these words to | keep in | mind, | And grace to seek thee, | and to | find | Our | Saviour.

#### THERE IS A GLORIOUS WORLD OF LIGHT. [190]

There is a glorious world of light, Above the starry sky,

Where saints departed, clothed in white, Adore the Lord most high.

But, hark! amid the joyful songs Those happy voices raise,

Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues Unite with perfect praise.

Soon must our earthly course be run, Our mortal frames decay; Parents and children, one by one, Must fade, and pass away.

Great God, impress the solemn thought This day on every breast,

That both the teachers and the taught May gain thy heavenly rest.

CHILDREN'S VOICES. [191]
Oh, childhood's happy voice, bird-like
and sweet,
What can so cheer us at home when we
meet,

Loving and worshiping at Jesus' feet.

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Children's hosannas were sweet to his ear, Who, now enthroned above, still bends to hear

Songs and hosannas from little ones here. Lo, where their Sabbath school melodies ring.

List'ning and hovering on viewless wing, Angels beholding the face of their King. Saviour, blest Saviour, prepare by thy love

All the dear children to praise thee above, Warbling forever in heaven's happy grove.

Let us on earth begin heaven's long employ,
Soothing the sorrows our souls that annoy,
Singing each day with an ever new joy.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN. [192]

Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward and onward, still
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth,
Shall be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian.

Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heav'n is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of the Saviour,
Flows on forever.

Raise the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Let nothing sever;
Press to the mark, and then,
Praise him forever.

Coda.—Thee from the love of Christ Let nothing sever; Press to the mark, and then Praise him forever.

THAT WILL BE JOYFUL. [193]
How pleasant thus to dwell below
In fellowship of love!
And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
The good shall meet above,
The good shall meet above;

And the we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
Cho.—Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before.

Yes, happy thought, when we are free From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.—CHo.

Then let us each in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways,
That we with those we love may join
In never-ending praise.—CHO.

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#### JESUS IS MINE.

[194]

Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break ev'ry tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place.
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away. Jesus is mine! Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine! Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day. Pass from my heart away, Jesus is mine! Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine! Lost in this dawning light, Jesus is mine! All that my soul has tried. Left but a dismal void, Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine ! Farewell, mortality, Jesus is mine! Welcome, eternity,

Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

COME TO JESUS. [194]
Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at his gracious throne

In submission bow.
Yes, to Jesus we will come,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.

At his feet confess your sins;
Seek forgiveness there;
For his blood can make you clean;
He will hear your pray'r.
At his feet confess our sin,
Seek forgiveness there;
For his blood can make us clean;
He will hear our pray'r.

Seek his face without delay;
Give him now your heart;
Tarry not, but while you may,
Choose the better part.
Seek his face without delay;
Give him now our heart;
Tarry not, but while we may,
Choose the better part.

SWEET LAND OF REST. [195]

When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armour by, And dwell with Christ at home?

r1941

No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woo; This world is not my home.

To Jesus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam; But fly for succor to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.

Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

THE SINNER'S INVITATION. [196]

Sinner, come, will you go

To the highlands of heaven?

Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;

Where the bright blooming flowr's
Are their odors emitting.

And the leaves of the bow'rs
In the breezes are flitting,

Where the saints robed in white— Cleansed in life's flowing fountain, Shining beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain. Where no sin, nor dismay.

Neither trouble nor sorrow,

Will be felt for a day,

Nor be feared for the morrow.

He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding.
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

Where the rivers of joy
O'er the bright plains are flowing,
There our bliss ne'er shall cloy!
To that land we are going.
Then say, will you go,
And the world leave behind you?
Since its pleasures you know
Have but dazzled to blind you.

Children on life's battle field!

Be ye valiant, bold, and strong;
In the strife with cheerful zeal,

Urge the Saviour's cause along.

ound

round,

N. [196]

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ntain,

CHO.—Onward, onward to glory!

Yield not to the wily foe:

Vict'ry and heav'n are before thee

Shout your triumph as you go.

Hark! the battle is begun!
Rally, Christians, for your King;
Forward, till the vict'ry's won,
Till the shouts of triumph ring!
Cho.—Onward, onward to glory, &c.

WHO SHALL SING? [197]

AI

Who shall sing if not the children,
Did not Jesus die for them?

May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?

Why to them were voices given

Why to them were voices given,— Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?

Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practice here.

There's a choir of infant songsters, White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;

Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,

Which upon the earth they learned ?

thee go.

! &c.

[197]

throne;

ned T

Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh, they cannot sing too early;
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds to sing while day is breaking;
Tell me, then, why should not they?

UR ATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN. [198]

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day, our | daily | bread;

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

and lead us not into temptation, But deaver | us from | evil;

For thine is the kingdom, And the power, and the | glory for- | ever and ever. | A | men.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB. [166]
l am Jesus' little Lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am;

Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me, All that's good and fair he shows me, Tends me ev'ry day the same, Even calls me by my name: Out and in I safely go, Want or hunger never know; Soft green pastures he discloseth, Where his happy flock reposeth; When I faint or thirsty be, To the brook he leadeth me. Should not I be glad and gay? In this blessed fold all day; By this Holy Shepherd tended, Whose kind arms when life is ended. Bear me to the world of light? Yes, oh, yes, my lot is bright!

### WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING. [199]

When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name:
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

 $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{o}$ 

GING.

Then since the Lord retaineth
Hig love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth.
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud hosanna!
To David's royal Son.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

EVA.

[199]

I love, I love the Sabbath-school,
Where happy children meet;
Where rich and poor alike may come,
And sit at Jesus feet.

I love, I love the Sabbath-school, Where children learn to pray; And hear about the world to come, And Jesus Christ the way.

## THE PLEASANT SABBATH-SCHOOL [200]

When light con o'er the plain, And sunshine o'er t' lee, Oh! meet me once again, Where oft I've knelt with thee: When first the sun's bright ray, Illumes the sparkling sea, I'll leave my homeward way. And kneel in prayer with thee. How blessed is ev'ry spot, Where we in youth have prayed, Where sweet and sacred thought. Each hour so blissful made. The pleasant Sabbath-school, To us . Loly place, Within whose walls we sung The song of heavenly grace.

At morning's rosy hour,
On each blest Sabbath day,
Oh! leave thy pleasant bower,
And come where Christians pray;
I'll sing blessed songs,
The dear inspiring strains,
Whose sweetest song belongs
To Christ our Lord who reigns
How blest is every spot, &c.

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